

# WORONI



October 7, 1997 • Volume 49 Number 9 • Free

conspiracy theories

funding cuts

media censorship

hong kong films





**FUN·FOOD·DRINK  
FOR ALL!**

**anu: free**

**fri 31 oct 97**

**pollyanna**

**snout**

**mr blond**

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**funky, acid,**

**afro, lounge**

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**cover:**

This issue's cover was inspired by the "face demon" episode of *Monkey Magic*, not the *X-Files*.

Photo: James Painter

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# WORONI



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# FIRST UP

but what do you

Tuesday

7

OCTOBER

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85

Success is getting what you want.  
Happiness is liking what you get.  
— H. Jackson Brown

1997

Calendar

OCTOBER

- 8 Kate Cebrano at Tilly's
- 8-11 Martin Lass "Australia's Foremost Pop Violin Virtuoso", at the School of Arts Cafe, Qbyn call 6297 6857
- 8-18 LAYA *Women Who Dare*, by Padma Menon Dance Theatre, Courtyard Studio, at the Canberra Theatre
- 9 *An Evening with Richard Arnold*, presented by Next Gen, call 6258 9535 (northside) or 6231 35849 (southside)
- 9 Women Law Students' Association Annual Dinner, Karmel Room.
- 9-19 Festival of the Contemporary Arts, in Canberra, lots of places, call 6249 7780
- 9-19 Contemporary Art Fair, ANU Drill Hall Gallery.
- 10-12 Lifeline's Spring Bookfair at Albert Hall
- 14-18 *Autogeddon* departing Gorman House to a secret destination in the city 7.30pm. Late show Saturday 10pm
- 15-18 *Combo Fiasco*, music theatre cabert, at the School of Arts Cafe, call 6297 6857
- 15-19 'To the wall', new short works presented by Paige Gordon and Performance Group, showing in the Canberra Centre, call 6247 1223 for bookings
- 19 Floriade officially closes for the year
- till 19 Exhibition by Fiona Hall, 1997 ANU Creative Arts Fellow, Canberra School of Art Gallery
- 22 Prime Ministers on Prime Ministers Lecture Series - Malcolm Fraser, Old Parliament House
- 24 Amnesty International Candle Day

## Celebrity Look-alike



(above) The mysterious third Mackerras, Robb Preston with Union board member Patrick... we think.

The students of the ANU are used to seeing this face a lot — campus demagogue William Mackerras and moral guardian Patrick have long been confusing students with their eerie similarity, most of whom rely on Patrick's superior dress sense to tell the two apart. Now second-year Robb Preston has confirmed the long-suspected rumour that the Mackerras are actually the product of a CSIRO attempt to breed and clone the perfect student politician. The lost Mackerras Robb was featured in the last issue of *Woroni* perched atop the Civic clock as part of the "Gapsters" team in the Sew Hunt. Patrick Mackerras (pictured, left) denies the allegation that Robb is the celebrity look-alike, humbly asserting that he is the look-alike and Robb the celebrity. Unable to decide who should get the Uni bar double pass, the *Woroni* team has decided that they should share the pass and go together.

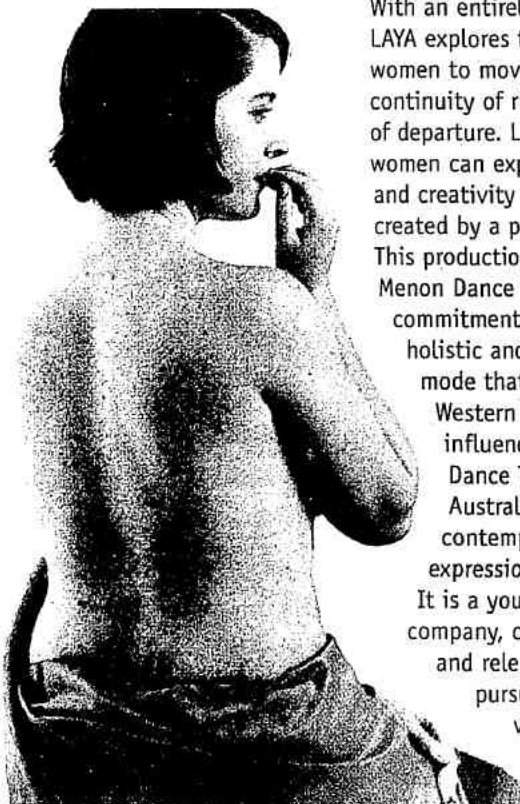
## Number of children who split their stomachs

### What's On In Canberra

#### CONTEMPORARY ART FAIR

The Contemporary Art Fair has become an established and exciting feature of Canberra's cultural calendar. An initiative of the Drill Hall Gallery, this biennial event will bring together, in one venue, leading institutional and commercial galleries of the Canberra region. The art fair provides artists with a wider audience for their works.

(below) Not all of the cast of *Laya* have flat heads or blue skin.



It adds another high quality event to the cultural calendar of the ACT. It promises that visitors will have the opportunity to view the latest trends in Australian art in a stimulating and lively atmosphere. Participants include aGOG, Beaver gallery, Chapman gallery, Solander Gallery, the ANU Co-op Bookshop, the National Gallery Shop, Art Monthly, and Hudson's of Dickson Cafe. The ANU Drill Hall Gallery provides audiences with opportunities to view works by leading Australian and international artists. The Drill Hall is on Kingsley street, over near the John Dedman Building.

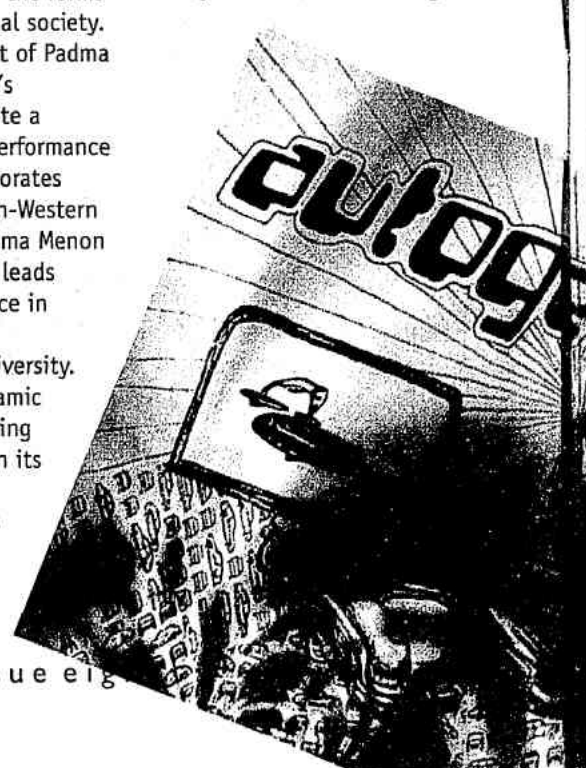
#### LAYA

LAYA is a celebration of women. With an entirely female cast, LAYA explores the relationship of women to movement, using continuity of rhythm as its point of departure. LAYA explores how women can express their power and creativity outside the forms created by a patriarchal society. This production is part of Padma Menon Dance Theatre's commitment to create a holistic and new performance mode that incorporates Western and non-Western influences. Padma Menon Dance Theatre leads Australian dance in contemporary expressions of diversity. It is a young dynamic company, challenging and relentless in its pursuit of a vigorous and

exciting vocabulary to communicate its ideas to the world. LAYA is showing from the 8th to the 18th, at the Courtyard Studio, Canberra Theatre, call 6257 1077 for tickets.

#### THE FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

Canberra goes contemporary, you don't want to miss it. Involving theatre, exhibitions, soundscape, dance, installations and film, the festival runs from the 9th to the 19th of October. One highlight of a jam-packed itinerary is the ACT Arts Awards Night, 13 October in the Departure Lounge, Bogong Theatre, Gorman House. The awards will honour and recognise those performers who have made a significant contribution to the arts, including the *Canberra Times* Artist of the Year. You can see a great many events as part of this year's festival including



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## Margaret Timpson Park

The de Medicis, JP Getty, Gertrude Stein — these are the names of some of history's great cultural patrons. Now, if you will, please add the name of Canberra's own Margaret Timpson. Margaret Timpson Park in Belconnen is fast becoming one of Canberra's premier attractions. The Timpson experience begins when we enter the gates that rival those which heralded the entrance to the ancient Babalonian city of Ur. Soon, after one is confronted by the sight of yet another Bert Flugelman sculpture; an inviting piece of stainless steel that has been known to absorb so much heat in Summer that it has melted children's faces. Then come the pyramids. Not made of stone like the traditional monoliths, these mighty structures are made entirely from grass. Scientists still ponder the question of how and by whom they were built.

Looking across the intimidatingly tree-less vista that is Margaret Timpson park one's eye continuously travels back to the dodgy post modern office buildings that surround it and, inevitably, across the road to the hulking monstrosity that is Belco mall — soon one realises what a revolution in landscape architecture Margaret Timpson has presented us with. Who would have thought? A park that aspires to the condition of a mall. Harmonising effortlessly with its surroundings — the mall, the skate park, Pizza Hut, Lake Ginninderra — one feels astonished at the level Margaret's vision. So Margaret (or "Timpo" as we like to call her) it is for your contribution to surrealistic Canberra landscapes that *Woroni* salutes you.

## WORONI

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**this issue's song lyrics:** "BILLIE JEAN" PERFORMED BY MICHAEL JACKSON

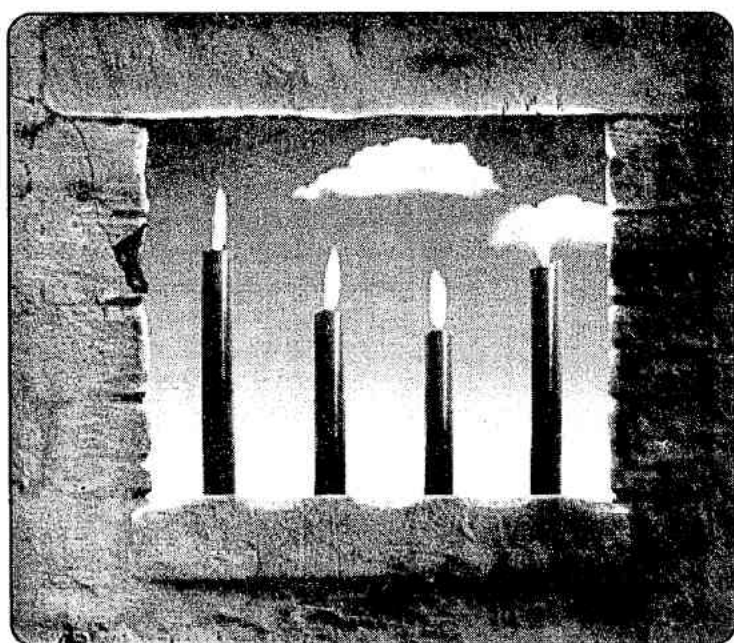
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Goodbye England's rose, may you ever grow in our hearts. You were the grace that placed itself where lives were torn apart. You called out to our country and you whispered to those in pain. Now you belong in heaven and the stars spell out your name. And it seems to me you lived your life like a candle in the wind: Never fading with the sunset when the rain set in. And your footsteps will always fall here among England's greenest hills; your candle burned out long before your legend ever will.

deadline for next issue:  
October 6

## Chopen jumping off the top tower at Civic pool 1973-82: 49



(above) Candles will probably form an important part of Amnesty's Candle Day on October 24. Hopefully there will be clear sky also. And bricks.

things such as, Women in a Wig, Spontaneous combustion, White Baptist Abba Fan, Slaughterhouse, Autogeddon, and kindling does for Firewood. For more information, call 6249 7780. If you want to buy tickets, and concessions are available phone 6247 1223, drop into the Street Theatre, or Gorman House.

### GAY AND LESBIAN CHOIR NIGHT

The Canberra Gay and Lesbian Qwire presents *Putting on the Glitz* featuring the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Choir, the Wollongong Gay and Lesbian Quoir and the Canberra Gay and Lesbian Qwire plus jazz band. The extravaganza will be taking place at 8pm on Saturday 1st November in Llewellyn Hall at the Canberra School of Music. Book now at ANU Ticketing Services (6249 5491) or through Qwire/ Choir/ Quoir members.

### AUTOGEDDON

Splinters Theatre of

(left) With its funky psychedelic poster, *Autogeddon* promises to be hip to the groove and fab to the max. Part of the Festival of Contemporary Arts.

Spectacle presents *Autogeddon*, a display based on a tone poem by Heathcote Williams. BYO vehicle and be transported in a spring time season of spectacular style and subtlety. Departing Gorman House to a secret destination in the city at 7.30pm from 14-18 October. Late show Saturday 10pm. Tickets \$18/14 concession. Bookings on 6247 1223.

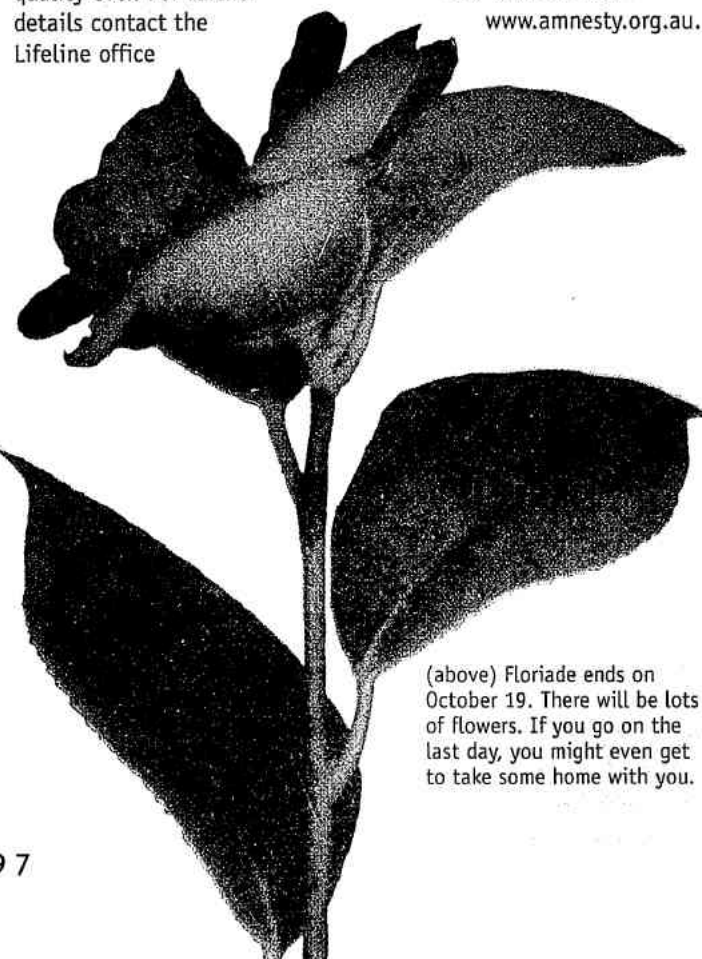
### LIFELINE'S SPRING BOOKFAIR

Lifeline's Spring Bookfair is fast approaching: October 10-12 at the Albert Hall. Over 80,000 pre-loved books on sale at fantastic prices with proceeds to Lifeline's 24 hour telephone counselling line. The Fair's stock has been described as the best quality ever. For further details contact the Lifeline office

on 6247 0655.

### AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL CANDLE DAY

Amnesty is now calling for volunteers for Candle Day, Australia's biggest day of human rights activism. Be part of Candle Day and take action in support of human rights with thousands of other Australians from all walks of life. Amnesty International does not seek or accept any government funding. Instead Amnesty relies on the support of the community to fund human rights campaigns. It's really easy to be a part of Candle Day — Amnesty will send everything that volunteers need to help out on on 24 October 1997. To help, freecall 1800 808 157 or check out [www.amnesty.org.au](http://www.amnesty.org.au).



(above) Floriade ends on October 19. There will be lots of flowers. If you go on the last day, you might even get to take some home with you.



# LETTERS will dance on the floor

## This year's SA: dedicated, happy, friendly

Dear *Woroni*,

I am sick of reading, in the SA election pages, SRC candidates claiming to be "ordinary students" and bagging out student politicians.

This is not because I think student politicians deserve credit; generally they don't. But this year's SA, on the other hand, really has been different. I just wish that last month's candidates had been honest enough, to themselves and to those whose votes they sought, to admit it.

People like Margie Kilcullen, Jason Ives and Jessica Wyndham have played a huge role in important SA activities like our response to the Arts Faculty crisis. Naturally they have been inspired by a hard working executive which has made the SA a happy and friendly place, but the main thing is that they have actually made a difference. Like many on this year's SRC, they don't deserve to be lumped in with the usual political hacks who haven't.

—PATRICK MACKERRAS

### "No Fat Chicks" cover a provocative feminist statement

Dear *Woroni*,

Congratulations on a provocative and powerful last issue (*Woroni* 49/8). It is encouraging to see a group of student editors who have the good sense to treat students as intelligent (at last!).

The ridicule embodied in the "No Fat Chicks" cover was particularly poignant. Finally, a feminist statement that goes beyond a crude pro-

clamation and endeavours to engage the reader in a provocative manner. Keep up the hot work.

—DEBORAH SNOW

### Nazi gorillas prevent outside concert going

Dear *Woroni*,

On the night of Saturday 16/8, the same night that the Tea Party played at the Uni bar, I witnessed an abhorrible new Union policy aimed at curtailing the rights of students and public alike. That policy is the intimidatory policing of the seated area at the front of the Union building. Try to take a seat in the courtyard and one of the many Nazi-control gorillas patrolling the building will do everything short of laying a hand on you to force eviction.

I had proceeded to the venue of the Tea Party concert that night in the knowledge that I didn't have the \$30 necessary to enter but that, as has been the case for as long as I've been at this university, I could sit outside, freeze my arse off, and maybe get a small inkling for what it would've been like inside.

When the Tea Party started, I stood by the window to watch the concert. I was immediately confronted by a security guard who tried to intimidate me out of the courtyard. The fact that I was a foot taller than he didn't aid his cause and I refused to move. He did, however, engage me in annoying conversation that caused me to miss at least 15 minutes of the set. He raised a number of issues:

- That I was a freeloader when everyone inside paid over \$30 (to be in a crowded room with a band, excellent sound, atmosphere and warmth — all of what a gig is about — that's worth \$30).

- That the people outside were a security risk and likely to break windows to get inside the gig (hmm... take a look behind me dude; a bunch of skaters, hippies, kids and potheads are suddenly going to organise, become violent and break the place up? We don't even want to stand by the windows, just sit on the chairs).

- That he has a job to do (sure, but this job is wrong, so go get the manager and I'll discuss it with him).

Anyway, the security guard, Tony, who I must say handled the situation professionally and courteously, went for higher authority, and we of 'the outside' encroached on the courtyard. The manager never came, we never got closer than half way across the courtyard and detente was reached. However, it should not have been. There should have been no conflict in the first place.

I have paid full price for many a concert and never begrudged those outside what they have, because frankly it isn't much.

—THE OTHER SIDE

### What student services?

Dear *Woroni*,

Attention all students!

The student welfare officer's position at the ANU is now under serious threat, because of the petty

mindful and stingy attitude of not only 'peer group', but also of the ANU Administration. In negotiations for GSF funding allocations for 1997, the University has decided not to continue funding the welfare officer's position. Since 1994, the responsibility for funding this position has been shared by GSF committee and University Administration.

It seems that 'student services' are diminishing at an ever increasing rate. In 1996, students had access at the Students' Association to an Austudy Officer three days a week. As Austudy whipped that rabbit back into their hat, our welfare officer coped with enquiries en masse, thanks to the restructuring of Austudy, including the now notorious 'Actual means test'. Without the welfare officer the only place students could have their Austudy questions answered would have been the office in Weston. It's hard to imagine the nightmare any worse, but it seems that 1998 will prove it is possible. It forces me to question the relevance of the planned new 'Student Services Building', supposedly to be ready for the 1999 academic year. **What student services will we have to offer then? Can the Students' Association continue to support the new building plans, with the knowledge of the embarrassment to follow once we are in it, with no services to offer.** The similarities are ironic — we too (the students) will have a nice shiny new building to sit in, from where we could wave to the left over Art faculty staff, sipping daccaries and remembering

the days when a department meant more than one person.

To give you an idea of what you are losing if this position is cut: financial and budgeting advice, low cost accommodation, health care cards, social security advocacy, cheap food referrals, community services for low income earners, information, advice and referral on a range of matters, including tenancy rights, legal information, migrancy issues, and domestic violence. Just stop to think for a moment, where else you might access these services on campus.

Come in to see us at the Students' Association, and we'll let you know how to support us in the fight to keep our welfare officer.

—MATT SCHMIDT

### Agressive pickets are counter-productive

Dear *Woroni*,

Having participated in the MEL protest against cuts by reading literature (thanks to the Classics people for the idea; to Natalie and the Union for the PA, and to Brighitta for the organisation), and having sat on a picket line in front of Manning Clarke for three hours on Thursday, I want to express my concern over the way some of the picketing by students was conducted. While it is annoying to have people crossing picket lines to go to classes, I do not believe that this justifies screaming "scab" at lecturers and fellow students. Such behaviour, in my opinion, is not only unpleasant but also counter-productive and has the potential to degenerate into violence. Our aim should be to fight hard and stand fast, not to whip up hysteria. Haven't we learnt anything over the last couple of years?

Many of you were here in 1994 when such behaviour flared up and then died away very quickly as people came to realise that it was not appropriate. Did you see any of the NTEU pickets conducting themselves in this way? Did you enjoy the yelling? I have to admit that after a morning spent on the pickets I slunk away like a "scab dog" to work on an assignment that was already three days late in the computer labs. Polarising the current conflict is not a solution, and there is an interesting parallel between the rigid Pavlovian kneejerk reaction of screaming at fellow students who cross pickets and the blind

## Homophobic cowards belong in the 1950s

Dear *Woroni*,

The personal attack levelled at Sexuality Officer Pippa Wischer in the last letters page (*Woroni* 49/8) was a cowardly and bigoted act. It reflects a narrow mind and betrays the writer, Rob Soria, as a homophobic coward who doesn't even have the courage to make explicit his personal problems with the nature and role of Pippa and the Sexuality Department on this campus. Go back to the 1950s where you and your type belong.

—BIANCA NOGRADY

### Gays and lesbians should not be objects of ridicule

Dear *Woroni*,

It is a common experience amongst almost all 'out' lesbians and gay men to face verbal and physical violence on the grounds of our gender and sexuality. It was a surprise to see *Woroni* allowing itself to be used as a forum to perpetuate hate, ridicule and contempt of non-heterosexual people.

Rob Soria may be labouring under the impression that lesbians and gay men are easy targets and victims to be used as objects of his ridicule. He is wrong. It is one thing to engage in a constructive debate about student resources, it is quite another to stick the boot into people like Pippa Wischer who are trying to make ANU a more compassionate and comfortable place to live and study. The true wankers in this place are those who think that red neck bigotry should be the mainstay of public discourse.

—MATT SCHMIDT  
SEXUALITY OFFICER

### Unwarranted personal attack — the real wank

Dear *Woroni*,

Rob Soria's personal attack on Pippa Wischer as ANU Sexuality Officer was truly unwarranted. The only wankers identified by this outburst were the author, and *Woroni* who apparently approve of printing such tripe in order to create

publicity by controversy. There is no place for debasing debate in this manner.

—ADELE TATE

### President's contempt for juvenile vitriol

Dear *Woroni*,

I was dismayed to read the juvenile rantings of Rob Soria in your last edition. I have been amazed this year by the dedication of the two Sexuality Officers, Matt Schmidt and Pippa Wischer. They have worked incredibly hard in a voluntary capacity to deliver a very important service to students at the ANU.

For their efforts they have suffered a constant stream of vitriol from people who they have never met, and who probably have not found the time to find out how the Sexuality Department works. It leaves me despairing for our campus when dedicated volunteers are treated in such a fashion. I would like to record my thanks for the work Pippa and Matt have done this

year, and record my contempt for Rob Soria and his ilk.

—MATTHEW TINNING  
ANU STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION  
PRESIDENT

### Rob's letter — a mild pun?

Dear *Woroni*,

I wish to fully apologise to Pippa Wischer for any offence caused to her by the publication of my letter in the latest issue of *Woroni*.

I also wish to apologise to *Woroni* for using a language unbecoming such a distinguished journal. My letter was in fact intended for the *Times Literary Supplement* but ended up being sent to *Woroni* for an unforfeivable confusion in the e-mail addresses.

At the same time, I can't help noticing that the brilliant sense of humour displayed by so many "progressive" people when they make fun of political opponents is so often lost when some of their friends become the object of a mild pun themselves.

—ROB SORIA

### Write to us

You can write to *Woroni* c/- ANU Students' Association or email us on [woroni\\_articles@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au).

Alternatively, you can put your letter onto a disc and drop it into the office (located in the Students' Association above the bar). Please keep letters under 300 words if you want them to be published. Thanks.



slashing of budgets that occurs because the university administration cannot see beyond the accountant's mindset that they have locked themselves into.

—BEN CLANCHY

### Get involved

Dear *Woroni*,  
I would like to praise Tarn Crowe's letter and the many supporters of tolerance and free speech who have emerged in this *Woroni* debate, since the SA's 'democratic vote' to ban One Nation from ANU. Personally it is only sad that support and debate emerged post-SA vote. I take this opportunity to urge all of you out there to get involved in student politics to prevent such stupid actions being taken in the first place.

—ADELE TATE

### Hanson: just a racist

Dear *Woroni*,  
Tarn Crowe's reply to Silvia Liertz's appeal to shut down Hanson's meetings continues a much needed debate on free speech.

While admitting that One Nation has given Hanson a political voice and 'legitimacy', Tarn notices that the prejudice was always there. A legitimate Hanson *has* caused an increase in violent forms of racial intolerance. The formation of the racist 'White Knights' shows this is a real fact. I'm sure Tarn would agree then, that a Hanson meeting that organizes racists as a Federal Party, also means personal material devastation. Hanson is dangerous whether she organizes in a government facility or a living room in Chapman. But, people who prefer militancy at Hanson protests realize she's causing violence. Racism, actively fed by Howard's cuts, and the abstract ideal of free-speech *must* be put into material context.

Hanson's 'legitimacy' gives racists confidence they would otherwise not have.

Yes, racial prejudice was there to begin with, and if Hanson were to evaporate tomorrow, racism would remain. The fight would in no way be won. However, removing the visible signs of a malign cancer is the beginning. This perspective eludes Tarn's arguments.

Please note that those opposed to One Nation meetings do not want to avoid challenging their political arguments (if they can be called so — for racial scapegoating is not based on political argument). Anti-racists like Tarn should direct their politics at those who might be attracted to Hanson. They are looking for answers. Hanson is just a racist.

—LUKE HARRISON AND SILVIA LIERTZ  
SOCIALIST WORKER STUDENT CLUB

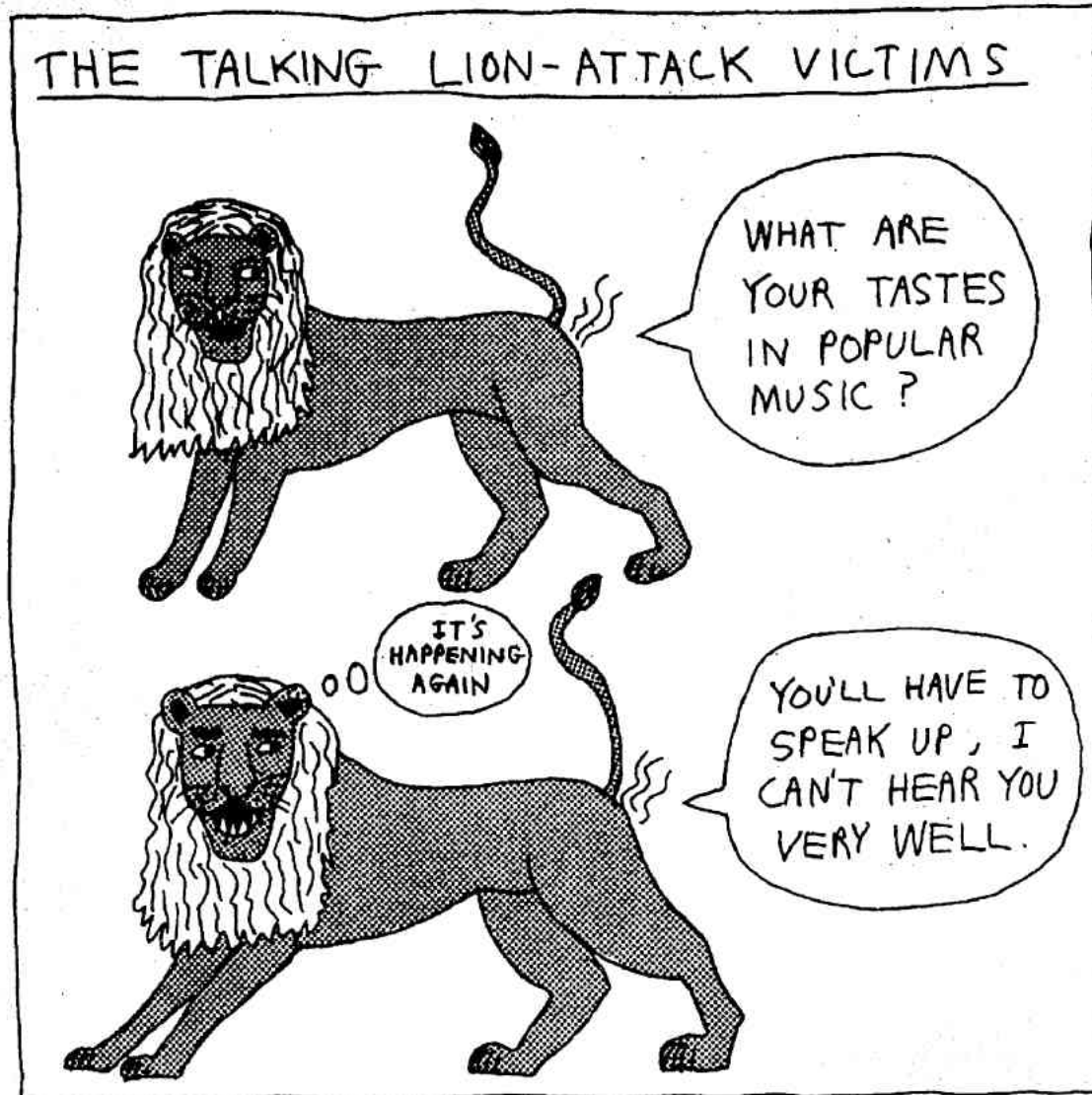
### Hanson: just three little snots

Dear *Woroni*,  
Now that ANU is a Hanson Free Zone, does this mean that the three little snots who came up with that travesty of a song, "Mmm Bop", will have to play the Royal Theatre instead of the Uni Bar? Silverchair has already opted for the Royal Theatre, so it seems that the Uni bar is losing its appeal to the pre-pubescent set. I think it's a crying shame.

And another thing, has anyone noticed how bloody ugly our Prime Minister is? I feel embarrassed when I think that this diminutive man is representing our country to an international audience.

Next election we should all vote for someone pretty, like Kim Beazley or that lady on the diet cola commercial.

—POSTMAN PAT



### Zwar should represent majority

Dear *Woroni*,  
I refer to the comments of ACT Youth Delegate to the People's Constitutional Convention, Heidi Zwar, reported in your last issue (*Woroni*, 49/8), where she stated that she "will represent the views of younger Australians who are not necessar-

ily emotionally attached to the monarchy yet who don't see the need for any immediate rush into a republic."

Over 75% of youth in the ACT favour the change to a Republic (Herald AGB McNair poll December 1996). As the one and only ACT youth delegate, surely it is Ms Zwar's role and duty to represent this overwhelming sentiment and

not just the minority who supposedly "don't see the need for change". If supporters of the constitutional status quo have to rely on anti-democratic representation to sustain their position, I would suggest that their already tenuous position will only be further undermined.

—ANNE WITHEFORD  
ANU REPUBLICANS ON CAMPUS

So what if they're gay?

Violence is violence, verbal, physical or sexual. And its not on. Ever.

If you are hassling someone because you assume they are different, put yourself in their place - not fun, is it? Homosexual, bisexual and transgendered people deserve the same rights as you to walk around campus without being verbally abused or physically or sexually assaulted.

For more information, or if you have any problems with people harassing you, call pippa or matt at the sexuality dept. on 6279 8514, or you can call the anti-violence project on 1800 627 360. Confidentiality guaranteed.

who cares? if you think it's ok to harass gays and lesbians then you're the one with the problem, not them.

### Last chance to advertise

The last issue of *Woroni* for 1997 will hit the streets on 21 October. Advertising in *Woroni* is inexpensive and effective. Contact the *Woroni* office on (02) 6248 7127 for details.

### Parenting Room

The Parenting Room is now available in the Union Building for the use of parents on campus. The room is located next to the Students' Association, above the Uni Bar. The code to the door is available from the Students' Association and the Union Office.



## Staff and students strike back

By Maggie Kauffman

INDUSTRIAL action at ANU last week saw the cancellation of virtually all classes in Arts, a two day closure across campus of most other classes and a disruption to goods and services entering the University.

This action represents the latest measure in an escalating campaign against the ANU Administration proposal to cut one in five academic and general staff position from the Faculty of Arts.

The proposal, which would result in the loss of 24 academic and 8 general staff positions from the Arts Faculty by next year, would also see the closure of the Classics Department, a measure which has brought widespread criticism from outside the University.

According to the proposal, such cuts are necessary to counter an estimated \$3.1 million Faculty deficit this year; the causes of which were listed as falling student numbers, salary increases and a cut in Government funding.

Under the 19 page plan, released earlier this month, heads of Departments within the Faculty only have until mid-September to advise the Dean on a restructuring plan, which must detail the exact positions lost.

A campus-wide National Tertiary Education Union meeting held on September 9 voted overwhelmingly in favour of a two-day strike on 17 and 18 September. This supported an earlier decision by Union members of the Arts Faculty to stop teaching for a week.

The Vice-Chancellor and the ANU Administration has heard rep-

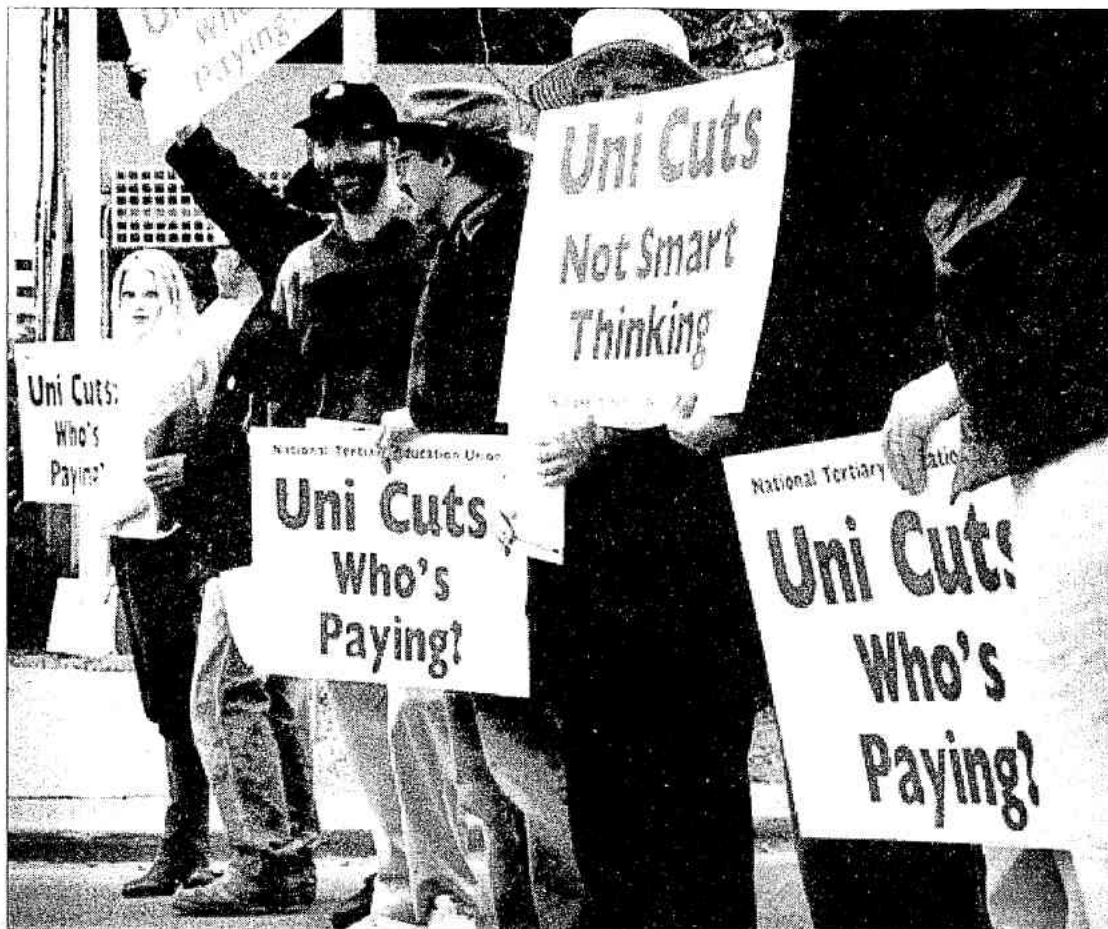
resentations made by student bodies, NTEU members and staff affected by the threatened cuts since the proposal.

Approximately 1000 students and staff attended a rally on August 27 and last week's strike was seen by many as successful in sending a message to Administration that staff and students will keep up the pressure.

Doug Kelly, ANU President of the NTEU, and an academic member of the Classics Department, believed the strike was very effective: "The chief executive officer [the Vice Chancellor], is now saying that he will endeavour to find funding if the Faculty can get back into its budget and this is a retreat from his hard line position; we welcome any discussion that will lead to a settlement but we will not accept job cuts."

Some classes were prevented from going ahead after members of the NTEU and the Student Education Action Group explained the basis for the strikes to students and persuaded them not to attend. Whilst the majority of lecturers and students were sympathetic to the strike, there are reports of a confrontation with some economics students who were determined to cross a picket line to attend their lecture.

Vice-Chancellor Terrell later condemned what he called the "intimidation" of students by picketers. "It's the sort of thing that I don't think is part of a university" he was reported as saying in *The Canberra*



(above) Students and staff join forces to fight the dark side

*Times*. Picketers denied using 'intimidation tactics' in any form.

The 48 hour strike also involved a disruption to library services and pickets at entrances into the University which disrupted mail deliveries, couriers, tradesmen and ACTION buses.

Lunchtime rallies were held over both days and attended by a vocal group of participants. Representatives from the Classics Department, Modern European Languages, the student Education Action Group and the Students' Association joined the NTEU members in their condemnation of the proposal.

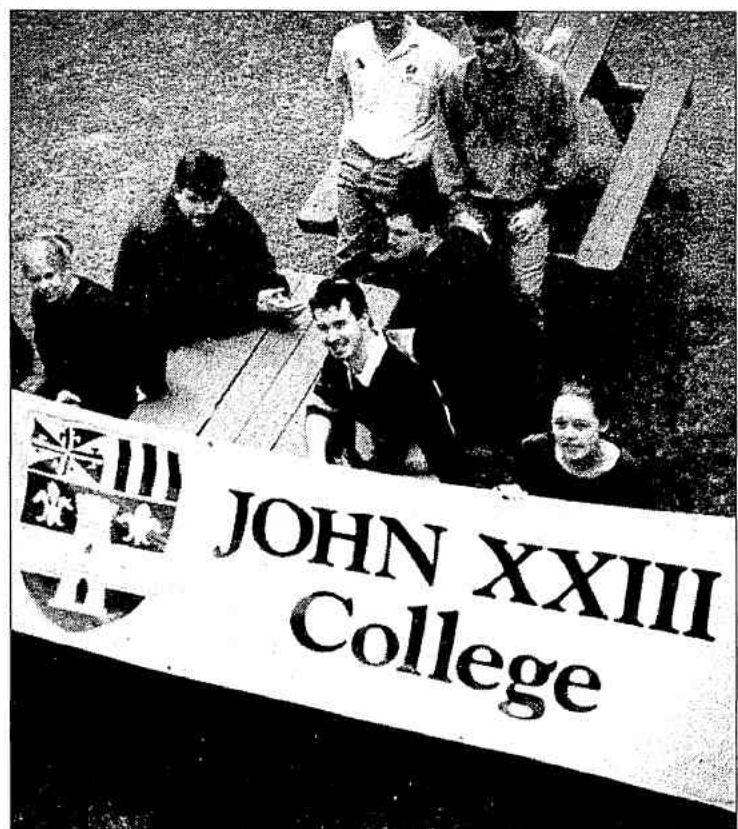
Students' Association President

Matt Tinning spoke in support of the strike and referred to the Vice-Chancellor's concern that they are affecting students: "It strikes me as contradictory to argue that students interests are being effected by strikes when only two sentences in the 19 page document that outlines why the cuts are necessary, refer to how the students are going to be effected by these cuts."

In condemning the proposed closure of the Classics Department, Mr Kelly sent a message to the Administration about the importance of these studies at the ANU: "Australians — especially those who have the privilege of university — need

to understand other languages, other cultures other peoples and be able to communicate; the national university should set an example here."

Commenting on the shift that Australian universities are experiencing towards vocational training, Mr Kelly said: "This is part of a disease affecting our society: a concern for short term problems and the transfer of costs to so called users. It is a denial of education as a public good and it shows a lack of concern for the overall benefits of society. We might get a few more dollars but we will be a much poorer country."



(above) Do not believe the rumours that these are the only remaining residents at John XXIII College

## John XXIII back from the brink

JOHN XXIII College, after announcing in April that it would close at the end of 1997, is now set to continue providing residential accommodation indefinitely. The sudden reversal comes after the Catholic Dominican Order (which has run the college since its inception in 1969) reassessed the ongoing viability of the College, and 'refocused' on its commitment to students.

Father Colin Fowler, Master of John XXIII, believes a number of factors were important in resurrecting the College. "Firstly [after the announcement] things began to look much better for us" said Father Fowler. "We were getting control of our financial situation, and I was able to go to our council, in late August, and propose to continue our involvement here. Our half-year report, five-year projections... and high retention rate supported this proposal."

Another strong reason was a recognition, by the Order, of its basic commitment to student residents,

and its aim to promote the values of academic and community life. "We asked ourselves the question of 'why are we here?'" said Father Fowler. "The students, a group of intelligent and passionate people, answered us by showing that their home would be taken from them if John's closed. The University's refusal to consider continuation of the site, and their almost active discouragement of other parties thinking of starting residential accommodation here, made us realise that John's must continue."

"In any case, having John's on campus is a lot more fun than having perfectly balanced books."

In April, the Dominican Order had informed the University that it intended to surrender its sub-lease on the site at the end of 1997. Despite four parties approaching the ANU to run the site after the Dominicans left, University Administration made it clear it considered such accommodation was no longer necessary.

On September 1, however, the Prior Provincial Father Mark O'Brien wrote to inform the ANU that "you may take it that the intention of the Dominican Order to surrender the sub-lease for John XXIII College has been rescinded". In an ANU Council meeting, Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell responded by describing the matter as "a difficult and time-consuming issue beyond the University's jurisdiction or responsibility."

John XXIII residents were elated after being told of the decision that the College would continue. Matthew Bogunovich, a resident and vocal supporter of the College, believes the move will benefit the ANU as a whole. "We're heading the inter-college sports shield, our social life is known across campus, and I think a lot of people would have been very sad to see us go... We're the college others love to loathe — without us here, who would they hate so passionately?"

—MICHAEL COOK



## We're just wild about Harry

AFTER a week of voting, and a tense weekend of ballot counting, Harry Greenwell has been elected 1998 Students' Association President.

Harry, running on the *Voice* ticket, was favoured to win the election after serving as SA General Secretary this year. He had to fend off a late challenge from *Activate!* candidate Natalie Zirngast (who received Democrat preferences), but ultimately recorded a comfortable win.

Harry will lead a split Students' Association executive in 1998. Lara Shevchenko, another *Voice* candidate, has been elected Education Officer, with all other positions filled by *Democrat Students Club* candidates: Jonathon Tonge (Treas-

urer), Jason Wood (General Secretary) and Katherine Giles (Social Officer).

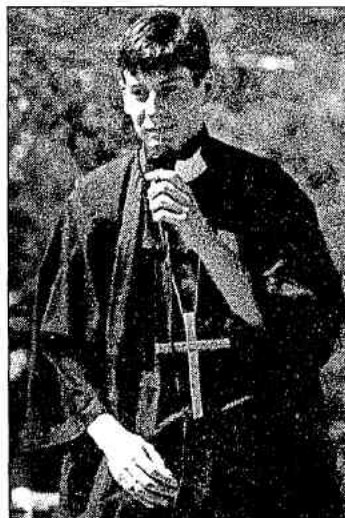
The President-elect believes this split will not cause great problems next year. "I think there are enough people from the *Democrats* and *Voice* who really have fairly similar perspectives, to make the SA work," Harry said. "Whilst I'm disappointed the *Voice* candidates didn't get up, the three *Democrats* candidates who were elected seem to be nice, enthusiastic people, and we should gel fairly quickly."

During the campaign, Harry stressed his involvement in fighting cuts to tertiary education, and is certain this will be his priority in 1998. "Next year will be the lead

up to a Federal election, so it will be important to ensure the community is aware of how much damage is being done to the Higher Education Sector."

"On campus, staff cuts will be an ongoing issue... and up-front fees will be reconsidered, so we'll have to be on our toes for that. We'll put the case, again, that up-front fees will be detrimental for current and prospective students."

The General Representatives are: Owain Fenn, Fiona Gardner, Catherine O'Brien, Alex Roose, Owen Saddler, and Stephen Schneider from *Voice*. From the *Democrats Students' Club*, David Baker, Adele Tate, Andrew Vance and Zoe Wilson. Also Chris Williams from



(above) Harry Greenwell at April's Austudy Wedding — he promises to watch over his flock next year *Activate!*, and Chelly Miliken from *It's about time*.

—MICHAEL COOK

## Could this person be you?

It was about 6pm on Sunday June 30, 1996, and you were maybe one of the 700 ANU students about to sit for exams the following Monday, July 1.

You were driving home from Gungahlin, and some friends were following you. At the roundabout at Lexcen Avenue-Gungahlin Drive intersection you were flagged down by Catherine McMahon, who had just been involved in an accident, and you and your friends stopped to help. You advised her to get her car off the road, and your friends mobiled the Police (who said they could not attend because only two cars were on duty in the area).

Catherine explained that she had been hit from behind by another vehicle. The driver of the other car

did not stop. Catherine's car was driveable and she got it off the road. You then drove her to the Belconnen Police Station but you could not stay as you had exams the next day.

This is the only clue to your identity Catherine has. She never got your name, and neither did the policewoman who met you at the station.

She needs your help again. She needs a statement from you, verifying what you and your friends did for her that night. It is very important she has this evidence. Please ask in at the *Woroni* office, in the Students' Association, for a number to contact her on. She would be very grateful, and would explain her need of your confirmation of the events that evening.



Modern European Languages staged a protest similar to that of the Classics department on 17th Sept outside the Manning Clark Centre. Between 10am and midday, students and staff — even from other ANU Faculties — read in French, German, and Italian. Crowd pleaser included the great Italian protest song "Siamo Stufi" — "We're fed up! (with cuts to our education)".

## Arts cuts compromise

AFTER widespread industrial action on campus and waves of bad publicity, ANU Administration has offered a 'compromise deal' on the extent of cuts to the Arts Faculty.

In a 'compact' addressed to Dr Saha, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Mr Thom, his successor next year, Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell states that he recognises a number of concerns relating to cuts to the Faculty. These concerns include questions over the Faculty's existing level of debt, the value of an extended period of time to deal with 'restructuring costs', and the importance of such an extended period "in meeting the Faculty's obligation to existing undergraduate students."

Terrell also states that "if sustainable arrangements can be put in place so that the debt position of the Faculty will not be added to in 1998 and subsequent years", he will endeavour to provide "additional support" to these concerns.

It was reported in *The Canberra Times*, Sept 18, that Professor Terrell was "disappointed" staff went ahead with a two day strike after he had offered this 'compromise' on Sept 15.

Douglas Kelly, ANU Branch President of the NTEU, has accused the Vice-Chancellor of hypocrisy over

his statement to *The Canberra Times*. "The compact was sent the Faculty on Monday, but only sent to us after it was too late to call off the strike. Even then, this so-called 'compromise' fails to provide any assurances to staff that would possibly have caused us to cancel the strike."

Barry Howarth, ANU Branch Secretary of the NTEU, believes the Administration offered the compact out of fear of negative publicity. "They've had such a hostile response to their position from the whole of the Faculty and University, as well as the Union, they're now seriously having to rethink their stance on the issue."

The NTEU believes the Administration's cuts to the Arts Faculty, and other Research Schools on campus, are based more on an ideological strategy than financial problems. For example, as the Arts Faculty faces a 20% cut in staff numbers due to a supposed \$3.1m debt, the University is starting a Masters of Business Administration course, at a cost of \$5.5m. As the University also has no external debt, the Union is certain there is no 'financial emergency' that would warrant such drastic vertical cuts.

—MICHAEL COOK

## Abstudy cuts provoke protest

THE Federal Government announced in the May Budget a massive cut of \$38.7 million dollars from the Abstudy System. Such cuts devastated Aboriginal Education Programs across the country.

The cuts provoked protest marches and rallies in all major centres of Australia on Thursday, September 11. These were organised to demonstrate to the Federal Government, and the community, that Abstudy is a vital component of the Australian Education system.

The changes to Abstudy entitlements include lowering the 'away-from-base' allowance, and tightening eligibility to the benefits. Also,

compassionate travel and regular travel allowances will be severely restricted. A large proportion of students receiving these benefits live a long way from home, and desperately need such allowances to occasionally visit friends and family in times of need.

There has also been introduced a limit to the number of courses for which Abstudy may be received by any individual. This will affect students who are undertaking a graduate diploma, masters, or PhD.

In opposition to the cuts, a National March and Rally will be held in Canberra on October 22.

—FRANK MILLER

## bits in brief

### SEA OF HANDS

The Australian Citizens Statement on Native Title has been collecting signatures from around the country in support of the High Court's Wik decision. At a protest at Parliament House on Sunday, 12 October, signatures will be represented by thousands of cardboard hands shaking together, symbolising reconciliation.

Lots of volunteers are needed to set up. Phone Community Aid Abroad on 6257 4472 or Alison on 6248 7346.

### CHAIN OF HANDS

As well as the sea of hands, Community Abroad is also organising a 'chain of hands' around Parliament House on 22nd October from 7am-9.30am to show community support for native title and reconciliation nationally.

### EPIC PROTEST

To protest against the possible abolition of the Classics department, Classics students have conducted a "Protest of Epic Proportions". For a week leading up to and including University Open Day, students recited, in their entirety, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in English and Greek, outside the Chancellery and at various areas around campus.

### WORONI CONTROVERSY

Anger erupted over the cover of the last issue of *Woroni* which depicted a woman sitting on the roof of a car with a "No fat chicks" sticker on the back windscreen, lifting her top for a crowd of drunken male onlookers. Many students found the cover offensive, and also sited the article "The female booner" and a cartoon depicting a woman sitting on an electric chair as sexist, and inappropriate for publication in a student newspaper.

The *Woroni* editors met with a panel which included the ANU Sexuality Officers, the president of the Students' Association, and representatives from CCASH, in order to discuss the concerns.

The editors explained that the cover, cartoon and article were meant as satirical social comment, and were not intended to be read literally. It was suggested that perhaps the intention behind the printing of such controversial material should be made clearer in future issues.



# Woroni



Claire Bowren  
ANU Classical Society

## Classics — a thing of the past?

What would I lose if Classics were no longer to be taught at ANU? This is a tricky question. The gains of a Classics education are not the concrete, measurable ones of some other courses. I am not going to address here the immediate problems facing Classics students, such as being able to finish a degree. These are very important issues and the fact that university administration has failed to address them is deplorable. Nonetheless, my whingeing about them here will not solve anything. Instead, I'm going to ask some questions.

Is it everyone's goal in life to get a job by studying at university? Obviously not, for those who study Classics realise that their chances of gainful employment in this area are slightly greater than the chances of Canberra being attacked by a plague of locusts in gum-boots. If someone were to study the ancient civilisations to get a job they would be (a) disappointed and (b) missing the point. For many hundreds of years the sole idea of a university was to broaden one's mind. While this is no longer the case, we are in danger of losing the idea that

one can go to university simply to learn. This might seem an incredible luxury. It is. But it is affordable. No culture can survive simply on the basis of monetary achievements. Moreover, to lose Classics (and other non-vocational subjects) is to lose sight of the pleasure of learning for its own sake, the idea that it is good to know things about the world, and that not every action in one's life is out of necessity aimed at the acquisition of small plasticky pieces of paper.

To lose Classics would be to lose

**"To lose Classics is to lose sight of the pleasure of learning for its own sake, the idea that it is good to know things about the world"**

another way of thinking. It is not the only way, but it is different from ours and that in itself should be enough make it worth studying. How can one know what cultural blind spots one has until they are pointed out through the study of a culture without them? Many mediaeval writers, for example, would not think to question the existence of God. This is not because they could be punished for it; it simply does not occur to them (one can see this in their writing). One can see the barriers in another's thought, but not in our own until it is pointed out. How blind and narrow-minded would we be without the study of different cultures?

How can we have understanding of others' cultures if we do not understand the origins of our own? These men are the architects of our civilisation. If we lose the ability to understand the Classics, we will no longer understand much of the following two thousand years. This may seem to be simply a hysterical objection, but consider: history is made by the actions of individuals. It is impossible to understand the actions of these people unless one understands their motivations, their culture and their language (which will delineate their thoughts). Likewise, how can we understand the ideas of a culture unless we know their origin?

How can we have any hope of understanding any Western literature which relies on a knowledge of the ancient literature if no one can read the originals? I invite anyone to write to *Woroni* with the title of a work of western literature written before 1930 which is not influenced by an ancient text. To pre-empt anyone writing in with the example of Sherlock Holmes — his methods of investigation were first proposed by Aristotle.

I hope I have made clear some of the arguments for why Classics is an essential discipline in any university. To abolish Classics is to begin to lose the knowledge of our origins and another way of thinking about the world. The world is small enough. We should be encouraging diversity and a university is surely the logical place to start.

**It has been brought to the editors' attention that some people found several items in the last issue of *Woroni* (49/8) to be highly offensive. The items were intended by their authors as satirical social comment, and we regret any offence that may have been caused by their publication.**

*Maximise your academic karma and beat the pre-exam rush at the*  
**ANU Students' Association's**  
**Second Hand Bookshop**  
*Open 10 a.m. - 12 noon*  
*Monday • Wednesday • Friday*

Pat and Nick asked 1. What do you think Bart Cummings, Kerry Packer & Toadfish from *Neighbours* have in common? 2. Do you think *Men in Black* had anything to do with the death of Princess Diana? 3. Did you find the cover of the last *Woroni* offensive? 4. Do you think that the new series of *Heartbreak High* would be improved if Burt Reynolds played the principal?



1. They are all incredibly ugly men
2. Lady Diana was an extra terrestrial, it is common knowledge
3. No, I loved it — it is a great photograph
4. Burt Reynolds is a strikingly attractive man, his presence could turn the series into a new *Deliverance*

—PAUL ARTS/SCIENCE



1. They are all very, very unattractive men
2. Yes, they had everything to do with it — they were the men on the motorbikes
3. No, it was excellent
4. It think they should make Burt the principal, then kill him off

—CHRIS ECO/ASIAN STUDIES



1. They are all annoying, fat bastards.
2. Gadaffi believed that MI5 was responsible... MI5, MiB there is only one digit difference
3. I didn't find the cover offensive
4. No — there is nothing that can improve *Heartbreak High*

—JASMINE SCI/LAW



1. They all look like frogs
2. I think that is an offensive question
3. I think that is offensive too
4. It could be better — everyone would wear cowboy hats

—MS X ARTS/SCIENCE

## Sexuality Department

### Canberra campaigns

We recently had a meeting with Kate Carnell, Chief Minister for the ACT, to discuss various issues affecting queers in Canberra. She assured us that the Gay & Lesbian Contact Officer Scheme is still high on the agenda for the ACT, with twelve new officers to begin training for the position soon. This will be a great relief for those queers that need to deal with police.

The meeting was also used as a photo shoot for the first in a series of posters that the Canberra Cross-Campus Sexuality Network will be producing in the next few months. Kate agreed to support the first poster by appearing in it with Matt, one of the ANU Officers, and Bell, a Sexuality Officer for CIT.

The campaign will be launched around the time of Diversity Day, so expect to see those three faces plastered all over campus, and Canberra.

**"Tolerance is to sit in the corner, not tell anyone about your sexuality and not actually have sex with someone of your gender. It is not what we are fighting for at all. We want, and deserve, acceptance; to be accepted as equals and be judged only on our merits, not our sexuality"**

Speaking of Diversity Day, which is scheduled to happen shortly after the break, keep an eye out for us — we'll be there with bells on, and might yet come up with a few surprises for you all.

The Fenner Hall Anti-Homophobia campaign is moving ahead, and an insert explaining what homophobia is, and what you can do to stop it, will be included in the Fenner Handbook folders from next year onwards.

Anti-Violence posters and the "It's Ok" poster series are still visible throughout Fenner Hall, with many residents now putting posters on their doors to support the campaign also, and this is very much appreciated.

Before we go, we wanted to reiterate a point that we have made before, and will make again: the Sexuality Department is actively pursuing acceptance of diversity, not tolerance.

Tolerance is to sit in the corner, not tell anyone about your sexuality and not be actually having sex with someone of your gender. It is not what we are fighting for at all. We want, and deserve, acceptance; to be accepted as equals and be judged only on our merits, not our sexuality.

—MATT SCHMIDT  
 AND PIPPA WISCHER  
 ANU SEXUALITY OFFICERS



political  
corner

## Sexism in the media

Currently there is a common misconception that sexism is a thing of the past, a view that is often espoused by the mainstream media. Women are told that we are all assertive and successful, with equal rights and the power to accept or reject aspects of the traditional female role. We can choose our appearance, behaviour and sexuality. And not only have we achieved equality, but women themselves can supposedly subvert what would previously have been considered sexist images through identifying with them and seeing them as empowering.

Given the daily experiences of women and the clear inequality in schools, work and the home that still occurs today, combined with attacks on child care, women's services and abortion access, the view that sexism no longer exists can only be seen as part of a generalised backlash against the earlier gains of the women's movement.

**"Student newspapers should take an active role in campaigning against sexist ideas and imagery"**

The media is a powerful tool for supporting the backlash since almost all women watch television, read magazines and live their lives subject to enormous social pressure to meet a whole range of feminine ideals in both appearance and behaviour.

There has been a noticeable increase in the amount of sexist advertising in the last couple of years, justified by the reasoning that there is no longer a need to adhere to 'political correctness' (if women are equal anyway!). The argument that women themselves are choosing to identify with these images hides the fact that women in most cases are not creating them and don't have the mechanisms to provide a real alternative to them, due to their position in society.

The gap between the reality and the myth of women's equality can only be maintained by a constant and creative media campaign. However what is needed is not more strict censorship, but more open debate about the issues involved. This means more discussion about the impact of sexism and how to fight it and more public campaigning against the continuing oppression of women.

The last issue of *Woroni* contained material that was considered by many students to be offensive to women. Given the constant attacks on women by the mainstream media, student newspapers can be used to put forward an alternative view, and should be taking an active role in campaigning against sexist ideas and imagery. As a voice for students, papers such as *Woroni* should be used to promote women's rights rather than hinder them.

—NATALIE ZIRNGAST  
RESISTANCE

Sexism is discrimination on the grounds of gender. The oppression of women by men through the portrayal of negative images of women is a major form of sexism.

Sexism is a general and often subtle, institutionalized practice. It goes far deeper than, but also includes, remarks, threats, name calling, joke making, graffiti, literature, body language, violence, pornography, degrading depictions of women and pictures of topless women sitting on cars with "no fat chicks" painted on the back window. Sexism is used to jolt, shock, and break through a 'rough' marketplace.

Narrow definitions of women and stereotypical images of women are all a part of the game of power politics and the hierarchy of gender within patriarchy. The game ultimately refuses women the right to be portrayed as anything other than sex symbols, and hinders the chance women have to be seen by

**"We all know that women are more than just sex symbols and topless booner girls"**

society as anything other than sexualized bodies.

It all boils down to the fact that no matter what your gender, you should be receiving encouragement and inspiration to be the best you can be. It is discouraging to see the media having a detrimental effect on women. Women have a ton of energy, and it is sad to see the media pressuring women to put all that energy towards the way they look. Media institutions should be taking responsibility for portraying the many roles that women can and do play in society. The media should be obliged to equally represent their viewers and readers in terms of gender, sexuality and race. We all know that women are more than just sex symbols, and topless booner girls.

The movement to eliminate sexism is an attempt to render patriarchal systems, methods and presumptions unable to retain their dominance within society.

Women have the right to self determination; political, social and economic. In the modern age of popular culture the media plays such an important role in the construction of identity and difference, and in the exclusion of certain voices.

So it is important to try and change our media institutions and demand that all members of society are treated as human beings, not as symbols of the myth of beauty or degrading sexualized representations of femininity. All individuals, male and female, should be receiving encouragement and inspiration to be members of society who achieve satisfaction, enjoyment and freedom.

—KATHERINE GILES  
DEMOCRAT STUDENTS CLUB

Matt Tinning  
sa president



## Abstudy outrage

In most respects the Coalition Government's 1997 Higher Education Budget was merely a continuation of what it had begun in 1996. Operating grants were reduced in line with what had been previously projected, Austudy cuts remained in place and nothing new was announced in the area of up-front undergraduate fees. The one area which was targeted for drastic change was that of support for indigenous students.

The Abstudy scheme was created to counter the chronic underrepresentation of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students in Higher Education, and has begun to succeed in this task. A recent report to the Higher Education Council noted that "the Indigenous Australian group has made substantial progress in undergraduate participation over the last decade", although at the same time noting that with indigenous participation remaining at well under 1% "there is a long way to go and progress is very uneven across fields". It is in this context that Abstudy cuts are so unwelcome. After a decade of slow progress in this most important of endeavours, the government has cavalierly removed \$38.7 million from the Abstudy scheme — small

**"After a decade of slow progress in this most important of endeavours, the government has cavalierly removed \$38.7 million from the Abstudy scheme — small change for the Federal Government, but a devastating blow for indigenous Australians"**

change for the Federal Government, but a devastating blow for indigenous Australians.

The Minister has labelled the changes a move towards "more effective Abstudy spending"; most observers see it as part of a more general attack upon non-Anglo and particularly indigenous groups that has continued throughout the Coalition's rule. For example, Abstudy cuts appeared in this year's budget together with such initiatives as:

- \$16 million cut to overseas aid;
- \$5 million cut to SBS;
- 40% cut to the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission;
- 5% cut to Aboriginal reconciliation funding;
- abolition of Asian languages and studies strategy;
- abolition of dental care for refugees;
- cuts to Red Cross to provide assistance to asylum seekers;
- cuts to Austudy which impose a two-year waiting period on recently arrived migrants.

In addition, indigenous Australians have had to endure the mind-numbing belligerence of the government on such questions as Native Title and Justice Wilson's report into the Stolen Generation. In the current political environment it is more important than ever that opposition to such policy positions be loudly voiced. Two weeks ago a national day of protest against Abstudy cuts was held, which included an enthusiastic rally at Parliament House. There is talk of a subsequent protest action which will see ATSI students from around the country converge on Canberra — please drop in to the Jabal Centre (now located near the old Examinations Section) to find out how you can help. We are also hoping to stage something on campus for the 2nd week of 4th term — keep an eye out for details.

On a couple of other matters — the Faculty of Arts "Restructuring" saga drags on. The Vice-Chancellor issued a compact during the final week of 3rd term amidst a week-long teaching ban in the Faculty. The gist of it was to say that if the Faculty could bring itself into recurrent balance, the University would look favourably at the possibility of forgiving much of the existing deficit (amounting to over \$3 million).

While this is a welcome concession, it is unlikely that it would mean that involuntary redundancies in the Faculty could be avoided. Meanwhile, despite constant requests there is no sign of the Chancery releasing details of how they propose to look after existing students. Guarantees have been given that existing commitments will be honoured, but many students are still at a loss as to how this will be done. Consider writing to the Vice-Chancellor or the Dean of the Faculty to seek clarification if you are unsure what your study options will be next year. Finally, congratulations to those candidates who were successful in the recent SA elections. For the first time in living memory there is a split executive, with the President and Education Officer positions being captured by the independent "Voice" ticket, while the Democrats were successful in winning Treasurer, Social Officer and General Secretary. Hopefully they, together with an enthusiastic SRC and FRC will serve you well in 1998.

reports



Woroni  
 opinion

## Protest and strike action — effective or pointless?

Rallies in Union Court and in front of the Chancellery have been a familiar sight around ANU this year as striking students and staff have gathered to protest against funding cuts, Austudy changes and the recently announced Arts cuts. Does this kind of protest action achieve anything? David Gosling of ANU Resistance and Deborah Snow look at the issue.

Once a week, every week for the last month, hundreds, at one stage a thousand, students have marched across campus to the doors of Deane Terrell's allegedly "student-proofed" Chancellery chanting and generally behaving like "un-Australian" rabble.

Why do we bother? Are we 'hijacked by extreme ideologies'? The pawns of old fogey radical academics? Or are we simply suffering from chronic bouts of '60s nostalgia, as one article I recently read would have everyone believe?

No. We bother because we think that rallies, pickets and strikes have an effect. We think they're necessary. Classics is being abolished at the ANU, our education system is being transformed by fees and cuts, Native Title is being extinguished, de facto, overt racists are making speeches in Parliament against Asian immigration, and we're going to fight. We think mass action can, and will, change things for the better.

I will have to refer to the 1960s at this point for an example. The American and Australian involvement in the Vietnam War was stopped by rally after rally — first university students, then high school students, then everybody. Building on the successes and the lessons of this campaign, activists (many of them socialists) began to agitate and organise people for Aboriginal civil rights, for women's rights, for gay and lesbian rights. Laugh about hippies all you will, but without the 1960s we'd still be in the 1950s — when women couldn't drink in pubs, when Aborigines weren't Australian citizens,

when a university degree was inconceivable for all but the privileged few. The Liberal's agenda is to reverse all the gains made in those years of struggle. Most people don't want that, but they don't realise what they can do, and they don't know where to start.

The first step is to unite everyone who's prepared to do something around the issues we can agree on. I wouldn't stop a Democrat from coming to a demo against staff cuts because of their position on industrial relations. Similarly,

you can't tell me that because I'm a member of Resistance, I can't help organise a rally against the Arts department cuts. Without the (mainly socialist) groups on campus putting in hours and hours of work every day, talking to people, poster, handing out leaflets, the rallies against the staff cuts wouldn't happen. Deane Terrell would feel under no pressure at all because nothing would get done. No one outside the ANU would have noticed the staff cuts until they'd already happened.

We have a forum for all students who want to get involved in fighting the cuts — the Education Action Group, attended by people from Resistance, the ISO, the Democrats, the Labor Party, the Classics Society, Modern European Languages students, and others.

From there we discuss the way forward, we organise publicity, we decide on actions. Come along — you don't have to wear tie-dye or sing Bob Dylan songs. Honest.

—DAVID GOSLING  
 RESISTANCE

A mentality of conflict currently inflects the Australian workplace. Employers and employees are both guilty of this sin. On the employee side this mentality is frequently manifested in the decision to strike.

The strike is an extreme measure. It is also a step abhorrent to any responsible representative negotiating on the behalf of employees. Striking fails as a rational strategy on several counts.

As soon as the decision to strike is taken the employees accept an environment of conflict with the employer. This may, in itself, not seem bad, however the decision to strike also implies an acknowledgment of the hegemonic status of the employer at the negotiating table.

If the strike is successful and the parties come back to negotiating table the subsequent negotiation is coloured by a history of conflict in which the supremacy of the employer was acknowledged by the employee. This is not a useful position for the employee to be in.

Often strikes are part of a strategy to diminish the negotiating power of the employer by reducing profits. This is stupid.

In an era of endemic unemployment workers are easily replaced. Nothing creates a competitive market like oversupply, and the labour market is no exception. If the striking workers are replaced there is no effect on profits.

That aside, striking workers ultimately want to have jobs after the strike. It makes no sense to drive the firm out of business. The threat of "bringing the firm to its knees"

is not credible. Threats are pointless if the threatened party understands the threat has no bite. Strikes clearly have little instrumental use. The do not put direct pressure on "the big bosses".

This being so, do strikes have symbolic, or political, power?

Unionist argue that strikes are needed to draw public attention to workplace atrocities. With public attention comes government action.

This argument makes big assumptions about public perception. The public must be predisposed to

"Unis do not capture the sympathy of the population — they're seen as full of privileged, lazy students"

viewing the workers in that industry sympathetically and the communicated grievance itself must be credible.

Let's relate this to the context of University cuts. Universities do not capture the sympathy of the wider population. This is because they are perceived as being full of privileged, lazy students and academics who do even less "real" work than students. The majority of Australians will never understand what happens at universities because they will never go to one.

Furthermore, university staff are seen as skilled, well-educated and capable of getting a job elsewhere. Students are a whining privileged lot and are going to have no problem getting a job either. Ergo, in totidem verbis, there is no credible grievance.

Strikes fail. They fail because almost without exception, the basic premise on which they are based is flawed. Hence they irrevocably undermine the welfare of workers and are only good for the egos of parasitic trade union officials.

—JANE ASTON



**ANU FILM GROUP**

**OCTOBER:** A Little Princess ('95); Heat ('95); Microcosmos ('96); Kama Sutra: A Tale of Love ('96); Liar Liar ('97); Everything You Wanted to Know about SEX (But were Afraid to Ask); Evita ('96); Raging Bull; etc.

**NOVEMBER:** Batman and Robin ('97); Mars Attacks ('96).

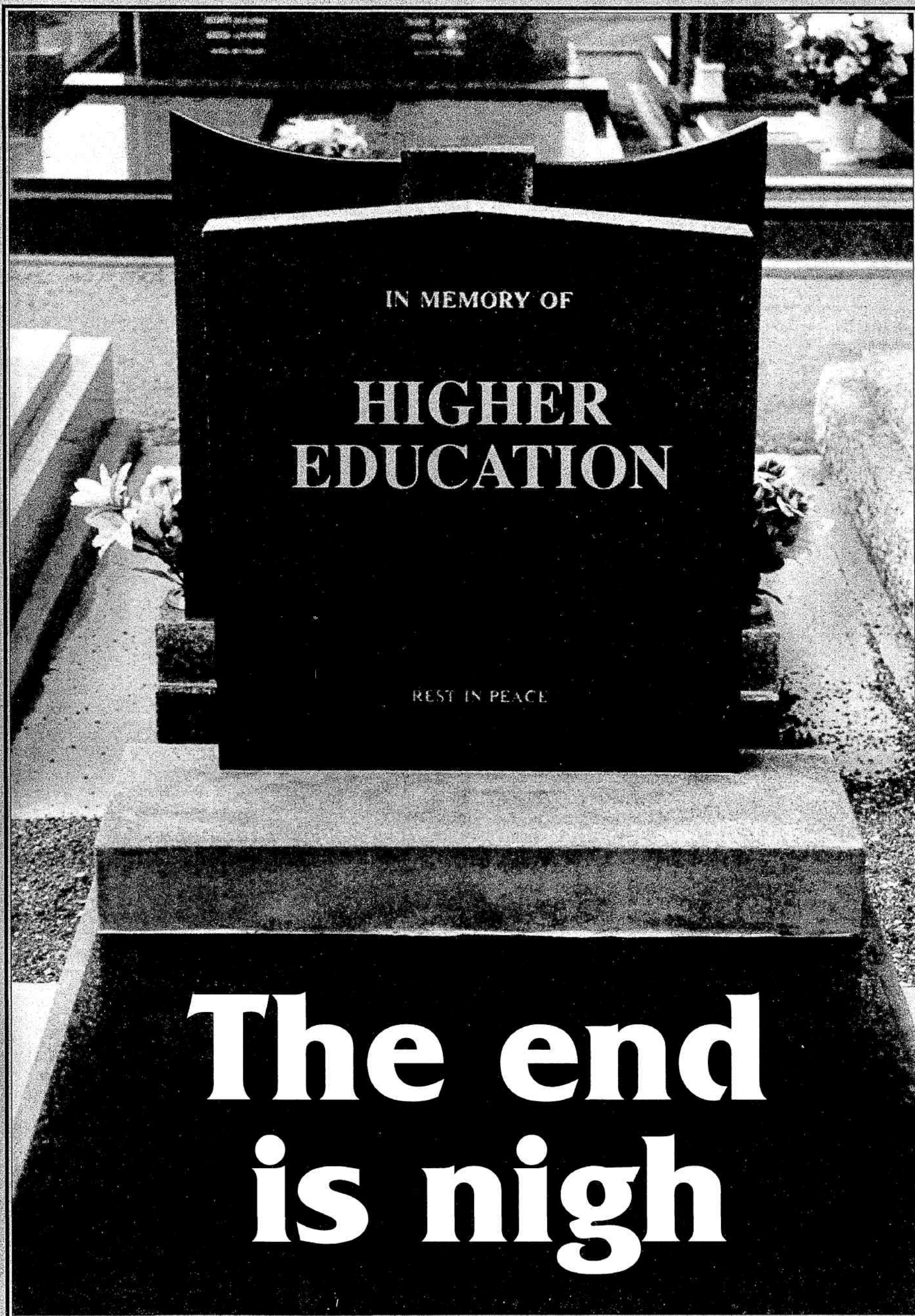
**Membership** \$20 for ANYONE. Join at the start of any screening.

**Venue:** Coombs Theatre, on ANU campus, corner of Fellows and Garran Roads, Acton.

[http://student.anu.edu.au/Clubs/ANU\\_Film\\_Group](http://student.anu.edu.au/Clubs/ANU_Film_Group)

**1998 screenings begin**  
 Monday 24 February





**The end  
is nigh**



**Sure, times have been bad before. Vocational training has long been on the political agenda. Funding has been going down for as long as anyone can remember. Upfront fees have been creeping in for years. So why are people now so vocally and vehemently proclaiming the death of education for education's sake? LANA NADJ looks at the direct consequences of the funding cuts which are forcing departments to close, staff to leave, and students to re-evaluate their place in a society which seems to value productivity more than knowledge.**

**C**rappy things are happening on campus. It's slowly dawning on undergraduates that they may not get to finish their majors at all, or change degrees without going broke. Post-grad students are wondering what they'll do if their supervisor gets the chop. Academics are scared they might be sacked next month and contract workers and research assistants are clearing their desks already. Meanwhile life goes on, Calypso serves up the cappucini... and there's a faint, but rank smell in the air.

"The Cuts" must be familiar to all by now, but some basic facts are worth repeating. Last month, the university administration announced that various faculties are facing fiscal crises which, in the case of Arts, it is argued can only be resolved by shedding staff and cutting courses. According to the administration, while other faculties are also in debt these can be managed internally, through better bookkeeping and reduced overheads, for example. (Perhaps a few people could work harder for the same pay, one imagines — or photocopying levies be introduced for students. Once you start looking, corner-cutting possibilities are endless.)

Anyway, no such luck for Arts. Unprecedented cuts are to be made, 24 academic and 8.7 general staff positions simply need to be scrapped, according to the Faculty of Arts Restructuring Document. This translates to mean the Modern European Languages department losing half its academic staff, the end of Classics' existence as a department, three academic staff losses from Political Science and History, and the possible termination of the BA (Australian Studies) course. Every department, except Philosophy and Sociology, is earmarked for staff cuts. Beyond the Arts faculty, the university intends to lose 68 more staff through involuntary redundancies, but will not say which faculties will be hit hardest. So much for enhancing our ability to plan ahead.

However, a climate of uncertainty within Australian universities is not new. Starting with the introduction of HECS in 1987, the nature of education and its cost has been changing constantly, with little obvious regard to the needs of students. One Arts/Law student enrolled at ANU in 1993, expecting to finish a few majors and perhaps go on to do honours and Legal Workshop. Just four years later, her Russian class may not exist next semester, her honours supervisor in Political Science cannot guarantee he'll have a job, and Legal Workshop fees are suddenly unaffordable at an upfront \$7000. Even apart from restricted access to libraries and computers, larger classes and more HECS, few students will have been unaffected by the changes on campus over the last few years.

It's quite amazing really, that an academic institution can have the gall to screw with students' plans so systematically. At a meeting between representatives from the National Tertiary Education Union and the university administration, the latter refused point-blank to give a guarantee that any particular existing academic program would be maintained once the 'restructuring' took place. Students, it was asserted, could make arrangements with other universities if they happened to find their courses euthenased in the new year. In reply, it was pointed out that there could be a problem, in that many of those universities now charge upfront fees, especially for external studies. There was no response.

It's hard to know which courses at ANU will be dropped altogether, mutilated or merged. The uncertainty that surrounds some areas (like Classics,

Russian and Political Theory) may itself lead to lower enrolments, which in turn can be used to justify scrapping them altogether. It's useless, though, to call for people to enrol en masse to save the threatened subjects, as one would surely wish to expand students' choices, rather than restrict them. Instead of meeting the administration on its own skewed terms, it would be more effective to challenge the very idea that bums-on-seats is an adequate way to measure the worth of a field of learning.

Of course, enrolled students are revenue-raisers nowadays, whether they pay HECS or up front, whether they're international, external or local students. Even a certain proportion of public funding for universities is contingent on enrolment numbers, according to a formula worked out by DEETYA. However, if our universities are to be structured so sensitively that a drop-off of enrolments threatens the continuation of a whole discipline because of lost revenue, the potential consequences are mind-boggling.

According to Amanda Vanstone, it's quite acceptable for universities to 'specialise' in certain areas. In fact, this should be a legitimate reflection of consumer demand (the students supposedly being the consumers and beneficiaries of education). Her consumer-driven model however, has serious problems — a friend assures me that it's just like radio stations. When you deregulate the airwaves, you don't get a whole variety of strong channels playing a range of niche music. Except for the odd publicly-funded or community radio, you get ten commercial stations all playing the same 'Classic Hits From the 60s, 70s & 80s', as they're targeting the same audience. Diversification within universities means that English has notoriously disappeared from Northern Territory University, while in Victoria you can get any number of 'Classic Hits' MBAs (ranging, incredibly, from \$6,500 at RMIT to \$45,500 at Monash). You probably can't study much else, though. Within tiny limits, then, there is some truth to market diversification: if it's profitable, it develops.

We know this happens in the real economy, but do we want an education system whittled down to a few Business departments and commercial research institutes? The idea that a few universities will specialise in esoteric areas is totally utopian, given the lack of economic incentives to do so. If Classics enrolments are dropping off in Canberra, it is at the very least part of a national trend. Every Classics department in Australia could feasibly close simultaneously and for the same reason, with each enrolled student thinking they'll study it externally with the neighbouring university. But because the Liberals have forced universities to compete vigorously for funding, there's no system of co-ordination between them to allow such a decision to be reached. Witness the accidental death of Classics, nationally, all in one hit. All hail the free market.

So even if New England University, for example, would still offer Classics, relocating your life is not like changing radio stations, which requires a flick of the wrist. However, while it becomes clearer that 'consumer power' in education actually means the disenfranchisement of students and the sacking of staff, we're certainly not encouraged to feel powerless. We fill out student evaluation sheets at the end of each course: how intense was customer satisfaction with the product? We selected our university by home-shopping: the *Good Universities Guide* was a very helpful catalogue.

**"One Arts/Law student enrolled at ANU in 1993, expecting to finish a few majors and perhaps go on to do honours and Legal Workshop. Just four years later, her Russian class may not exist next semester, her honours supervisor in Political Science cannot guarantee he'll have a job, and Legal Workshop fees are suddenly unaffordable at an upfront \$7000."**





## The cathedral of university

Exactly a thousand years before the University of Tasmania was founded in 1890 King Alfred the Great — the only British monarch ever to be titled “the Great” — turned his busy mind to the education of the young people in his kingdom. When they had become literate in English he decided they should be instructed in Latin to fit them for higher office.

The 19th century saw the foundation of the first four Australian universities. In the middle of that century John Henry Newman wrote his celebrated *The Idea of a University* which contains these words: “If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life and its end is fitness for the world.” And twenty years later the British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli said this in the House of Commons: “A University should be a place of light of liberty and of learning.”

What of today? “A university is not a service station,” said a professor from Columbia. Nor is it a factory turning out products or a business catering for customers. “Universities are the cathedrals of the modern age,” wrote novelist and academic David Lodge. “They shouldn’t have to justify their existence by utilitarian criteria.” Utilitarian criteria forsooth! Is the ANU going to continue its quest for marketable courses in business and managerial skills at the expense of the humanities that are the core of any education worthy of the name? Are we to follow the University of Oklahoma and train majorettes or circus performers as at Florida State University or driving instructors like the University of California? Is our University going to abandon the fundamental aim of a genuine education so succinctly enunciated by John Milton in 1644: “I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a person to perform justly skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war.”

But the omens are not good. A costly seemingly indifferent top-heavy administration chastised by the recent Karmel Report moves to destroy a world-renowned research centre and to dismember the Faculty of Arts — which with its lively Classics Department is the heart and soul of any humane university — in favour of more profitable and marketable counsel and in order to pay for the cleaning bills of its, the University’s, buildings.

Let those in the corridors of the Chancelry who are bent on ‘mutilating’ this fine University and who have enough Latin to understand, ponder whether they are really prepared to change the proudly earned motto of the ANU *Naturam Primum Cognoscere Rerum* into the mercenary *Pretium Primum Cognoscere Rerum*.

—RALPH ELLIOTT  
EMERITUS PROFESSOR, ANU ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Coincidentally, business groups are more concerned with our product too... is it possible that our future employers are the consumers and beneficiaries of our education as well? And oddly enough, they happen to be the only groups calling for the restructuring of education.

If this is true, then user-pays takes on a whole new meaning: who is the user? And who pays? Even if businesses are joint beneficiaries of our education, surely they get the better deal out of it. My education gets me a good salary and a bit of self-knowledge if I’m very lucky. Employers, on the other hand, are well versed in the productivity benefits of an educated workforce. This, in addition to benefiting from joint commercial research projects on campus to which students contribute their unpaid labour. “Free education” and “tax the rich,” whichever political group the slogans belong to, must have some resonance today, when the introduction of market mechanisms have forced such drastic measures from our administration. After all, even free education isn’t really free. Graduates become taxpayers in their own right, and through those taxes fund the state that funds our education.

Unfortunately, the very fiscal imperatives which are “forcing” the administration to cut staff and charge fees are also “forcing” them to spend millions on a (so far) loss-making MBA program and McDonalds-scale advertising. There is money to employ staff and educate students adequately,

if only the people making all the decisions were inclined to so spend. If the ANU was truly a public institution, then the interests of students, staff and Deane Terrell would not be altogether antagonistic: we could all press for

**“The very fiscal imperatives which are “forcing” the administration to cut staff and charge fees are also “forcing” them to spend millions on a (so far) loss-making MBA program and McDonalds-scale advertising. There is money to employ staff and educate students adequately, if only the people making all the decisions were inclined to so spend.”**

greater government funding, and allocate internal resources rationally and democratically. But the market means that, like any corporation striving to increase productivity, Terrell’s Council must make money where it can. Jane Nicholls in *The Australian (Higher Education Supplement, Wednesday 17 September 1997)* notes that the University of Melbourne has already created a corporate version of itself (Melbourne University Ltd) to sidestep government regulations of fees and enhance its ability to make profits. These are the crazy lengths to which universities are driven to to make a buck. It’s envisaged campus libraries being leased to private players, and student services tendered out. Will we view this and “discount” BComs as ‘natural’ in five years’ time?

In fact, though these cuts are part of a larger trend and so not fundamentally new, in degree they are unprecedented at the ANU. Now is the time for students and staff to decide what kind of ANU we want to be. One can plausibly argue that

the administration got its accounting desperately wrong when it discovered the Arts deficit, but surely even if there is a deficit our education ought not be savaged. Why on earth is a ‘deficit’ determining the future of our education? ☹





# Everybody wants to RULE THE WORLD

Everybody knows that faceless figures in black suits run the world; we all watch *The X-Files* and know that the only person who knows the truth is that guy from 21 Jump Street. The myriad of Diana conspiracy theory sites already springing up on the web show that for every mystery, there's a theory explaining it — usually involving aliens, the CIA, and Elvis Presley. ROGER PATULNY delves into the twisted world of conspiracy theories, exploring the most common stories and uncovering the secret organisation that lies behind it all.

**W**hy write an article on conspiracy theories? Because there are a lot of conspiracies floating out there in the world — some of these plots are centuries old, most have come into fruition in the last 30 years following a wake of assassinations and alien sightings. They have been popularised and multiplied further by modern media — all hail *the X-Files* — and nearly every theory can be found on the Net. But the final article that binds the threads together, the mother of all theories, is missing and long overdue. Chris Carter's a write-off; he talks and he talks and promises us salvation, but we know *the X-Files* will never end. You might build up a head of passion for Mulder or Sculley (or both), but you won't get the answers you're looking for out of that show. It's here you must turn. But first let's let the powers-that-be get a little 'paranoid' themselves for a while, as we take a look into the mind of the conspiracy theorist.

I could do the usual stereotype of computer nerds hacking secret files, or crazy American survivalists

quoting from the latest *Soldier of Fortune* magazine when attempting to describe your typical theorist. These wackos have been running around for years spouting rubbish and have finally found an era to call their own, the paranoid 1990s, when everything seems messed up but no-one is to blame (it *has* to be a conspiracy). They possess creative, intense, and often dangerous minds; a great majority of the 'worldwide' conspiracy theories are anti-semitic, and have originated from within the turgid collective minds of several right-wing groups in the US, such as the Ku Klux Klan and the Liberty Lobby ("the Holocaust did not happen" believers). More recently though, these rumour-bandits have given way to a flood of more respectable and laid-back truth mongers. It seems that these days anyone can get in on the game. On the Internet now, there are sites where you, the ordinary citizen, can visit and leave your own theory behind. Here's a few choice samples from one such site:

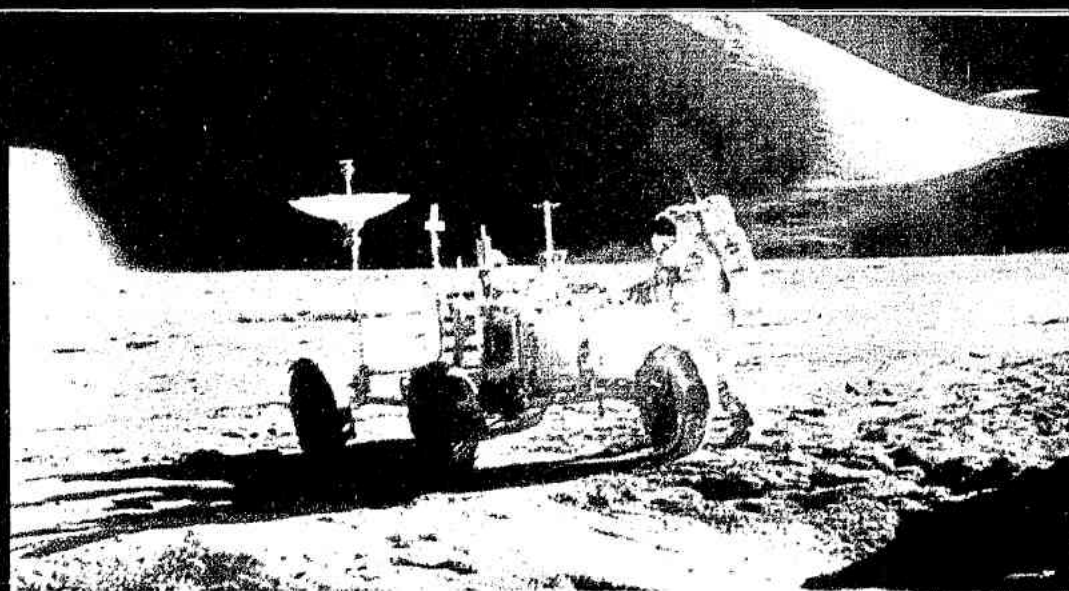
"Lick and seal an envelope, mail it to your insurance company, utility company, or anyone in the

realm and you've sent them a DNA map of your entire being. They will know what you had for breakfast..." — 'Dirty Don' Booker

"Japan does not exist. What we believe is 'Japan' is really a series of Chinese islands which were purchased as US Territories during WWII. The government felt that America needed to enter the war, but there was not enough widespread ill toward the Nazis to have the complete support of the country. The solution — the 'Empire of Japan' was invented by William Randolph Hearst. American pilots bombed Pearl Harbour. There was never a nuclear bomb. The abandoned Chinese city of Bong Fu Ang was burned to the ground. Photographs of the east of the city were 'Nagasaki', the west end, 'Hiroshima'." — Dr Spiraling Shape

"Elvis was in love with Marilyn Monroe, and when he found out that JFK was having an affair with her he became insane. He hired a hit man, and covered the story up very well until the guy who had been hired died in 1977, and in his last will and testament, told the real story. There was no other evi-





(above) Was Diana murdered by the Royal family because they didn't want her to marry an Arab? Would they really care? They let her marry Charles, didn't they?  
(right) The moon landing was staged by the US Government in the Nevada desert.

dence pointing to Elvis, nonetheless the FBI found him and gave him an ultimatum: die or pretend to die. Elvis chose the second one, and so the King lives. Last I heard he was somewhere in the South Pacific, but who knows?" — Rhian Nevergold

And here's my personal favourite:

"Pauline Hanson is a tool of the Liberal Party. They deliberately searched for a racist (but brainless = eventually harmless) figure they could get into politics to cut loose at just the right time to take the heat of some of their other shithouse policies and cutbacks, particularly education (who's the only woman in politics more hated than Amanda Vandstone?) and to 'drag the median' of public acceptability towards racist acts more in their favour (ie. Next to Hanson, Howard doesn't look like quite the racist prick he is following the Wik decision, among other things). After all, how could they have not known exactly what sort of person someone possessing her level of subtlety was from after the first hour they met her?" — L. Tedrick

If you want to design your own world conspiracy theory, here's George Johnson's (of *The New York Times*) guide to building a powerful yet credible little beastie:

- Make the conspirators internationally sympathetic (ie. The Jews are common fodder).
- Never throw away even incredibly out of date documentation that supports your case (eg. "Protocols of the Elder Zion", published in pre-communist Russia, still a bed-time favourite amongst fascist militants throughout Europe).
- Make all enemies friends (eg. Cold War was a cover for international banking conspiracy between US and Russia).
- Declare that domination by the secret powers will be culminated in the collapse of the world economic system (more about this below).
- Point out where the conspiracy was predicted in the Bible. Bring the Christians on board.

How does this little plan hold up? Well, I'm about to put it to the test, as I try to piece the many disparate theories together and come up with the big picture. Who is really pulling the strings? I think the

best way to do this is to list all the players in the field, in ascending order of power and influence, revealing as we go the parts they have played in one farce or another.

There are six major powers, as far as I can make out, existing not as separate distinct entities, but rather taking the shape of an onion, interconnected, and living within each other, layer by layer:

#### 6) The Mob

If the conspiracy layers are like an onion, the mob would be the dry, hairy, outer skin, independent of and unlike the other layers, designed to protect them (unwittingly) from the rest of the world. Organised crime is blamed for everything from gun-smuggling to drug-dealing to assassination, and often with good reason. They have been associated with some famous murders; close to home, the Colin Winchester case (with the mob covering up and protecting itself, a few big businessmen and a number of corrupt cops in Australia by shooting the troublesome Winchester) and overseas, a pope or two and JFK. The JFK thing does not hold wide appeal however; a rather interesting theory has it that Jack Ruby of the Dallas Mafia contracted Lee Harvey Oswald to kill Governor Connolly only, who fired from the rear and hit both Connolly and the President. At the same time, other organisations had plotted independently to kill Kennedy (probably with full knowledge of Oswald and the useful patsy he would make), and shot him at the same time from the front (ie. two assassination plots going on at the same time). As Oliver Stone said, via the movie *JFK*, the Mob just wouldn't have had the resources for the cover-up required for the multiple hit on Kennedy. The Mob cover up everyday crimes, but for the unusual crimes, the unusually complex cover-ups, we need to go to higher levels, peel away the layers...

#### 5) The Government

Every government has its secrets, its 'national security' to protect and its organisations to protect it. Australia has its share of organisations with covert activities (ASIO, a sort of equivalent to the FBI to handle domestic problems, and ASIS, our version of the CIA, quite active in Asia and PNG). But there

has been far more press concerning the American government. The conspiracies surrounding it include illicit involvement in the affairs of other countries, assassinations, and the sexiest topic of the moment, alien cover-ups. Alien theorists suggest secret government institutions inject new babies with alien DNA (at the Forest Grove Hospital, Oregon), and covered up an alien crash which occurred in New Mexico at Roswell (with Area 51 set up to examine the alien bodies from the crash, before they moved them to a place called area 52 in the backhills of Montana, with area 51 remaining as a 'smokescreen' to attract public attention). These things go above and beyond the President, the FBI, the NSA and the Department of Defence. If there are cover-ups going on, they are probably instigated by the organisation which permeates all these others and holds the real power behind the US 'National Security' act...

#### 4) The CIA

It's almost certain that they've run more than one government in their time. Panama is an obvious example, but the CIA could be implicated in almost every military coup and assassination in South America in the past hundred years, and quite a few in Asia during the 1960s (the shipping of opium in Laos and Vietnam, thousands of assassinations in Vietnam under the Phoenix programme, even more in Indonesia — the whole Sukarno-Soharto transition carried tell-tale sign of their influence). Recent theories point to their involvement in drug-trafficking into the US in the 1980s (supporting Contra refugees selling crack and cocaine to support their fellow rebels in their fight against the leftist Sandinista government in Nicaragua at the time), and in experiments (in competition with the KGB) to develop mass 'mind-control' devices (bodily implant technology, drugs in water supply, etc). *JFK* also throws powerful light on CIA involvement in the Kennedy assassination, as the most probable instrument to organise and complete the group which carried out the actual assassination (led by Clay Bertram, who denied for thirty years before finally confessing to being a member of the CIA). But the movie also shows that the CIA was just the covert tool to get

(below) Elvis was taken by aliens because he was too good for this world. (right) Jackie cradles JFK after the third gunman has a go from the grassy knoll





the job done. They were the lap dogs of...

### 3) Big Business

The Military Industrial Complex. The collaboration of the defence department and weapons industries in the 1960s (which had Kennedy killed to stop him from stopping the Vietnam War and ending billions of dollars worth of defence contracts) has grown to incorporate big business and governments, the UN, and organisations the world over, securing an international 'free trade', non-communist environment, aimed at securing control of the world economy by a select few...

### 2) The New World Order

Proclaimed in the annals of the right-wing and fundamentalists groups of the world, the 'rising of the Antichrist' was predicted (ever notice that Ronald Wilson Reagan has three names each with six letters?), the coming of the apocalypse, at the hands of a tight network that between them run the world — the New World Order, a covert organisation made up of big business, international banking, intelligence organisations, government organisations and members (bureaucratic and political) and even many independent international groups (including the UN, Interpol, the Vatican and even the Red Cross!) worldwide, all acting in unison to secure control.

Right-wingers swear it exists, that the speeches made by George Bush in 1990 and 1991 about Saddam's invasion of Kuwait being 'a threat against the New World Order' were a dead giveaway. Their plan, so the right-wingers tell us, is for the world to gradually move all currency off the gold standard, placing its stability squarely upon the shoulders of the banks — allowing the Order (which controls

the banks) the power to render it worthless and bring economic collapse when they like. The right-wingers, particularly the more neo-nazi of them, swear this points to the conspiracy of the Jews, the traditional holders of all banking powers. But in this day and age, not one race or culture really could be at the centre of such a vast multi-national, secret conspiracy. Only one society could, one whose traditional symbol, God's All-Seeing Eye, which adorns the pyramid on the back of every US 1 dollar bill to mock the financial system and stamp covert power across the world, has been adopted by the Order as their official symbol. A society that has greatly influenced the world for the past three centuries...

### 1) The Freemasons

The perfect group, the glue that binds the New World Order together. They were founded in England in 1717, characterised by hierarchy, codes and secrecy, a men's-only fraternity of 'universal religion' (ie. Denies they are religious but uses Christian and Egyptian religious symbology). They have long been involved in political circles, battling with and being driven underground by Christian fundamentalists in the nineteenth century and, so some rumours go, being involved in the formation of the Ku Klux Klan in the US. Today they have established influence or control over business interests, the media, major political parties, and were supposedly involved in ending the presidency of Jimmy Carter to make way for Ronald Reagan who, along with Lyndon Johnson and Gerald Ford (and J Edgar Hoover!), were all Freemasons.

That, however, is just the beginning; conspiracy theorists link them to many prominent deaths, such

as in 1826 when a New York Mason, William Morgan, was abducted and killed whilst attempting to publish Masonic information and break their code of silence. More notorious and famous murders and cover-ups they have been linked to include the Jack-the-Ripper killings, the murder of Pope John Paul I, Martin Luther King, and both of the presidential assassinations (directly, by being part of a conspiracy which helped John Wilkes Booth kill Abraham Lincoln, and indirectly, by having Lyndon Johnson and J. Edgar Hoover as members who, as we all know, were probably gunmen two and three on the Kennedy crossfire triangulation). These are assassination and affairs linked to known Masons — the many more who are unknown and secret link half the world.

The Freemason organisation gives the perfect mechanism for coordinating the New World Order, and covering up any conspiracies, with millions of members, seemingly unconnected and stretching across hundreds of different organisations able to quietly remove any threat to cover-ups success, without question or loose talk. And the purpose of the Freemasons? Furthering their big business interests, attaining more political and behind the scenes power, waiting for the day when they can collapse the world system and herald in the true, New World Order. Wealth, power... the usual.

So there we have it. Watch out for guys making funny movements with their hands next time you're going for a job interview, just stay calm, draw an eye on the desk, it could be your lucky day. Next thing you know you'll be shooting the president.

## Big brother is watching you poo

The poo totalitarians are here. The end of our freedom is nigh. Not only is the government sheering back Industrial Relations protection for employees, gutting universities and stamping on Aboriginal land rights, not only this, but they are installing loos throughout Australia that stingily provide only five sheets of toilet paper, subject you to appalling elevator music whilst defecating, and allow you only ten minutes to complete your business.

I am referring to the *Star Trek* toilets which seem to have been arbitrarily plonked down in the middle of Civic by a cold and unfeeling ruler, who has no understanding the shame his minions experience when the door automatically opens, thus revealing their petty foibles, or bottoms, to hapless passers-by on the streets.

This was my initial reaction to these hightech poo repositories. Indeed, many of my friends and acquaintances have reacted to these toilets with the fear, loathing and paranoia which the unfamiliar is inevitably greeted with.

Having spent two months clutching my cheeks and running to the nearest "traditional" toilet in Civic in order to avoid the new-fangled versions, I decided it was time to overcome my fear and acquaint myself with them. No matter how much I griped, they were obviously here to stay.

The first person I spoke to was Ron McGlachen, an amenable man who is the Area Supervisor of the Civic Precinct. He informed me that the toilets are called "Exelooos", and so enraptured have civic planners become with them, that they have been installed in all major cities throughout Australia.

"The idea is quite good," he says. "It's just that I feel they cannot handle a lot of traffic. People have got up until ten minutes to stay in the toilet, and then they get a warning that the toilet will be cleaned. They get sprayed with cleaning agent if they don't get out."

I cannot help but detect a certain satisfied tone in his voice when he says this.

"They're good if they're used as they should be. We get a lot of vandalism in them, more so than we did in the old public toilets."

Maybe people get irritated by being told what to do by a toilet.



(above) the sinister interior of the Exeloo — how many have disappeared into its depths never to return?

"Yeah, but if I wanted to go to the toilet in a hurry, I wouldn't care what the toilet said to me."

McGlachen refers me to Julie Edwards, who is a member of a team called Canberra Places. These people are managing the refurbishment of Civic. She informs that the removal of the big, "normal" toilet block was undertaken as part of the refurbishment works in Civic. The team decided to use individual units because they wanted a greater dispersal of toilets across the city so that there wasn't one enormous toilet block in one lo-

ocation. "To have smaller units meant that we could put them in high visibility spots so that the issues about public toilets being unsafe were addressed. You know when you use them that there won't be someone hiding inside," Edwards says.

"They are quite whiz-bang, they clean themselves, and they've got all of those facilities so that once people get used to them they'll see that they're better than the old ones."

I inform her that the toilet perplexes people to the point of baffled rage. I saw an old man repeatedly attempt to close the door after he had used the toilet. He was pressing an unmarked button which kept it open. Eventually he scowled at the offending loo, waved his hand dismissively and stalked away. Then the door closed. "We're actually looking at those problems. The ones in Manuka have been there for two years, and people haven't had these difficulties. I guess the ones are a bit more high tech in that they've got sensors and stuff," muses Edwards. "We're looking at turning it back to a more manual operation, so people can open and close the doors themselves."

The toilets had not been "arbitrarily plonked" down into Civic. The team had consulted the "Civic Precinct Management Group", which consists of traders, residents and community representatives before the high-tech loos were installed.

So much for the cold and unfeeling ruler theory. I ask her if she has any words of reassurance for those who are terrified that the door will open while they are still, erm, engaged in bodily ruminations.

"The doors open so that people can't stay in there for long periods of time, and bash people up. You're given a one minute warning before the doors open. Once people get used to them, they'll see that they are a good public toilet system. So, don't be scared."

— EMILY ROBERTSON



# The art of CENSORSHIP

The issue of student media censorship has been arousing debate recently as a result of a contentious Federal Court decision to prosecute the editors of La Trobe University's student newspaper, *Rabelais*, for publishing an article entitled "The Art of Shoplifting". JENNIFER STUART examines the circumstances of the *Rabelais* case, and look at its implications for freedom of speech and expression.

**A**s readers of *Woroni* may or may not be aware, in July of 1995 the editors of *Rabelais* (La Trobe University's student newspaper) published an article entitled "The Art of Shoplifting". This action (the fulfilment of an election promise) has generated some controversy. It has also resulted in the editors facing criminal prosecution — with penalties of imprisonment or fines.

Below is a brief chronology of events (lifted from the *Rabelais* Defence Campaign's page on the Internet: [http://www.thehub.com.au/~rene/censor/rabelais\\_dc.html](http://www.thehub.com.au/~rene/censor/rabelais_dc.html))

**1994:** Victorian Liberal Government introduces legislation (Voluntary Student Unionism — VSU) that prohibits the use of student money by student organisations to fund, amongst other things, a student newspaper.

**July 1995:** "The Art of Shoplifting" article published in *Rabelais*.

**August 1995:** the mass media widely report publication of the article. Police and Neighbourhood Watch express outrage. John Laws and the Retail Traders' Association call for state action to be taken.

**16–17 August 1995:** *Rabelais* editors

arrested, interrogated, photographed and fingerprinted by the Preston CIB — the latter presumably so that prints could be matched with those discovered on the editorial pages of magazines and other dangerous items (pens, paper) found at well-known crime scenes such as editorial offices, libraries and other haunts for the criminal underworld.

**September 1995:** The Retail Traders Association submits *Rabelais* for classification to the Office of Films and Literature Classifications (OFLC). The publication is refused classification (RC), banning it in its entirety. The Retail Traders Association is informed of the decision. No-one else is informed — including neither the editors or publishers of *Rabelais*, who had only thirty days to appeal the decision.

**January–February 1996:** The *Rabelais* editors are charged by Victorian Police under the provisions of the Classification of Films and Publications Act, with publishing, distributing and depositing and "objectionable publication". At the very end of February the (now ex-) editors receive the prosecution brief, and discover the federal decision to ban the July edition.

**28 April 1996:** The case

against the editors is adjourned until the 31st July, pending a hearing to appeal the decision of the OFLC.

**May 1996:** The editors successfully argue to the national Classification Review Board of the OFLC that they are "aggrieved" by the decision to ban *Rabelais* and that a special case should be made to allow them to appeal, even though the thirty day time period elapsed long ago.

**July 1996:** The editors appeal against the Chief Censor's decision, asking the Classification review Board to replace it with a decision to classify the publication 'Unrestricted'. The practical consequences of this would be to give the defendants an absolute statutory defence to the police charges against them. Submissions were made to the review board on the former editors' behalf by Stuart Littlemore QC, who argued that they were protected by constitutional guarantees of freedom of political expression. Ultimately, the Classification Review Board declined even to consider these arguments, and upheld the Chief Censor's decision.

**15 August 1996:** The former editors lodge an application with





the Federal Court of Australia to review the Review Board's decision.

**21 May 1997:** The former editors, represented again by Stuart Littlemore, appear before Justice Merkel of the Federal Court of Australia, and argue that the Review Board's refusal to classify the publication was an act of censorship and impugned the freedom of speech and expression guaranteed under Australian law.

A rally outside the court hears Jackie Lynch (National Union of Students), Joseph O'Reilly (Liberty — the Victorian Council of Civil Liberties), Leigh Hubbard (Victorian Trades Hall Council) and Terry Lane (Free Speech Committee) speak in defence of the editors.

**6 June 1997:** The Federal Court hands down its decision dismissing the former editors' appeal. Justice Merkel finds that the Review Board was open to come to the decision that it did, and rejects the arguments that 'communication' such as the *Rabelais* article enjoys any constitutional protection.

The judgment is a new tool for those who might have reason to limit rights to political expression in Australia where that expression includes advocating a breach of the law. Leaflets calling for demonstrations, union publications advocating industrial action, guides giving instructions on safer drug usage and much other material now fall into this category.

**27 June 1997:** The former editors file an appeal against Justice Merkel's decision to the Full Court of the Federal Court of Australia. The appeal will be heard in early October 1997. There was also a rally at the Office of Film and Literature Classification planned for the 29th of August.

It would thus appear that, over two years after publication of the offending article, the issue is still very much alive. Indeed it may not be amiss to suggest that the publication, and subsequent banning of "The Art of Shoplifting", is potentially, indeed already, more of an issue now than it was in 1995.

### What Issues Are At Stake?

The issues at stake are, of course, many and varied. Voluntary Student Unionism, political in-

terference in student affairs, the right of student newspapers to publish material relevant to student interests, censorship, the right to 'free speech' (in this particular case the implied constitutional right to freedom of political discussion and communication), the division of the article into 'political' and 'non-political' portions (12% of "The Art of Shoplifting" was said to be 'political' — making one wonder whether this kind of rigid demarcation of the text could be usefully deployed when making that argument in one's next English essay. The Classifi-

Australia. I think the main aspect of the case is that it has highlighted the national censorship scheme, which most people are not familiar with, and in particular, it has put a spotlight on a particular provision in the national censorship scheme, which has very wide — and I would say draconian — implications. That provision being that any publication which promotes, incites or instructs in matters of crime or violence, not only can be banned, but under the code has to be banned and that then exposes people to serious criminal charges."

On the face of it, there seems to be little in the provision that one could reasonably disagree with. However, Clayton went on to state that: "The difficulty is that crime is undefined in the Act, and there are many activities which are theoretically or illegal [sic] in Australia, but which most people would believe should be discussed and promoted in some circumstances. For example, industrial action in many circumstances is illegal... euthanasia is in fact murder; smoking marijuana is a serious criminal offence.

If you produce a newspaper article or a leaflet promoting or inciting or instructing people to engage in any of those activities, it seems that publication, that leaflet, that newspaper, not only can be banned but if it is brought to the censorship authority's attention, has to be banned, and the publishers or writers of the material are exposed to serious criminal charges, which carry penalties of two years' jail or a \$24,000 fine.

The clarification, in the Federal Court judgement, of what the term 'crime' means problematises the legality of any number of ordinarily accepted democratic activities. As indicated, strike action, picketing, or blocking a roadway as part of a demonstration could all theoretically be construed as illegal. In the Federal Court in May of this year, QC Stuart Littlemore pointed out that 'Oliver Twist would amount to instruction in the techniques of pick-pocketing'.

Still again, Virginia Trioli noted in the *Melbourne Age*, 11 June 97, that, "If the issue is incitement, pamphlets released by youth service groups explaining the safe use of unsafe (and illegal) drugs would not be seen as the clear-eyed community

"The clarification, in the [redacted] judgement, of what the term 'crime' means problematises the legality of [redacted] ordinarily accepted democratic activities. As indicated, strike action, picketing, or blocking a [redacted] as part of a demonstration could all [redacted] construed as illegal. In the Federal Court [redacted] this year, QC Stuart Littlemore pointed out that 'Oliver Twist would amount to instruction in the techniques of pick-pocketing'."

cation Board appear to have been blissfully unaware of ANY theoretical/critical issues in textual interpretation — whilst acknowledging that the text was 'satirical', it was also discussed as though it were not satirical enough)... the list could go on.

There are a few aspects of the case that seem to be relevant even to students who do not happen to live and/or study in Kennett-land.

Marcus Clayton, solicitor for the former editors, in an interview on Radio National's Media Report (12 June 1997) stated that:

"I think that this case is an unfortunate one for freedom of speech in





service they are, but as an insolent flouting of the law."

We would also draw the reader's attention to the suggestion that the national censorship scheme, whilst it may not necessarily be unconstitutional, may have implications that conflict with 'freedoms' that are implied in the constitution: eg the freedom of political communication.

Furthermore, it is also a scheme which is particularly pertinent to anyone thinking of publishing/writing almost anything (interpretations of texts vary, sometimes quite radically). As publications can retrospectively be submitted to the Chief Censor and classified, or refused classification, this means that one may publish a text which could be refused classification. As we can see in the case of the former editors of *Rabelais*, by publishing "The Art of Shoplifting" they left themselves open to criminal prosecution. It must, of course, be acknowledged that it is the responsibility of those who are responsible for the publication/distribution etc. to ensure that they are not breaking the law. But at the same time it must also be understood that student newspapers do not have access to the same resources as other publications. It may not be too paranoid to suggest that this could be part and parcel of the same ideological agenda that produced Voluntary Student Unionism — where editors of student newspapers will now have the fear of publishing material that could then be construed as offensive (with the possibility of it being refused classification) and the likelihood of facing criminal prosecution.

"The Art of Shoplifting" can be read as a shoplifting instruction manual (although, as it is neither fool-proof nor a guarantee of success). The question is, whether instruction leads to action. Justice Merkel refers in his judgement to the case of *Brandenburg vs. Ohio* to support his view that not even the US First Amendment protects speech instructing in crime. That same case however indicated that "speech can be suppressed only if it is intended, and likely to produce, 'imminent lawless action'." That the *Rabelais* article provoked an uncontrollable stampede towards shops to nick goods could hardly be a charge sensibly levelled against it or the editors.

Finally, it is worth considering the seeming arbitrariness of the Classification Board's judgements. Virginia Trioli highlighted the seeming contradiction that many pieces of film and printed media which are more instructive or inciteful to crime and violence than the *Rabelais* piece have been given the nod by the Review Board and the Chief censor:

"By my reckoning

## Drawing the line

Student newspapers have often come under fire for the issues that they cover. As an alternative media source and a mouthpiece for student views, they can be radical, controversial, subversive or down right reactionary. This freedom of student newspapers to print any material has often led to a strong response from the state, the students, or other interested parties depending on the issue. However, as much as the freedom of speech must be protected for student newspapers, the issue of by and for whom this freedom of speech operates must be discussed.

The criminal charges brought against the editors of *Rabelais* at LaTrobe Uni in Melbourne, which led to their criminal conviction and the loss of the paper's funding, shows the negative affect of state intervention into the function of a student paper as an alternative news source. The article in question "The Art of Shoplifting" was a satire meant to emphasise student poverty, but was banned as it was considered to "instruct in matters of crime or violence."

The editors were later instructed to pay a fine which they were unable to afford. Also interesting to note is that similar articles detailing shoplifting techniques had also been published in mainstream women's magazines such as *She* and *Australian Women's Forum*. Perhaps, precisely because of the problem of student poverty, the *Rabelais* article was considered to be more likely to result in acts of shoplifting than from the readers of the women's magazines!

Censorship of the *Rabelais* article was a clear attack on the right of students to freedom of speech. However, while not curtailing this right, there must be the opportunity to criticise material in student papers, as well as other media. A recent article that has been criticised, is the article on booners in the last issue of *Woroni*. In a *Green Left Weekly* article entitled "Sexism in the Student media" Amanda Lawrence stated that the article made an offensive and patronising attack on women with its degrading description of "booner relationships" supposedly characterised by "mutual abuse, early pregnancy and big age gaps". If it was meant to be satire, she says that "not many students were laughing". However, issues of poor satire aside, this case illustrates the question of whether sexism, racism or homophobia should have a place in student newspapers. Sexism, racism and homophobia can't be banned out of existence, however the open discussion of the issues can help to clarify the origin and basis for these prejudices. The censorship of this material, on the grounds of freedom of speech can not be condoned. But if a student paper is going to reflect these views, there is certainly a need for an alternative view to be put.

Free speech involves providing a forum for discussion and debate. The right of student newspapers to be controversial must be preserved in a country where two media conglomerates control all the main stream press. In a university environment, racism, sexism and homophobia are generally seen to be unacceptable. There is no compunction for student editors to reflect these sentiments in the student paper, however they should think carefully before being seen to actively promote inequality on campus.

As the case of *Rabelais* shows, student papers are far more likely to be targeted by censors because they are more likely to be radical. If they take on reactionary ideas, they are on safer ground. The mainstream press get away with homophobia, racism and sexism every day. "Freedom of speech" in this arena means that the current 'norms' of society are relentlessly pushed, without any real avenue for an alternative. Students need to decide what sort of paper they want to represent them and be prepared to contribute to debates. This is the real value of the student paper, to provide such an accessible forum which is not available through most other means. Student apathy will only result in a paper that simply reflects the views and issues of broader society, rather than challenging them.

—NATALIE ZIRNGAST AND DAVID GOSLING

that description [ie. of what may be refused classification] takes in the film *Reservoir Dogs*, after which you could conduct your own methodological torture of someone, and would also take in *Pulp Fiction*, with its detailed, explicit depiction of how to shoot up heroin: the scene I am thinking of not

only promotes and instructs in heroin use, it incites such use by an extremely seductive, almost luscious visual portrayal of the act."

It should also be remembered that the publication of "The Art of Shoplifting" and subsequent controversies have secured for the article a readership and dissemination (it is easily accessed on the Internet) that it may otherwise not have had





# LICK IT UP

but t h



Our Richard Marx in:

## From rags to riches

In this exclusive interview, Richard Marx talks to Sarah Hutchings about his early life — from snot-nosed kid to international rock star to icon of social reform.

Like many of the greatest artists of the 20th century, Richard's fame sprung from humble beginnings. Growing up in the back streets of Beverly Hills left a lasting impression on Marx. Walking past the one-storey houses in these outer 'slum' suburbs he used to cry for those without swimming pools, those less privileged than himself.

The degradation Richard observed deeply affected him, as a man and as a musician. "Yeah man, it used to eat me up inside when I saw the way those kids, good kids, had to live. My friend CJ used to have to wash the dishes, by hand I mean, every day after school. Sometimes he had to take out the garbage, I remember once he got some garbage on his clothes. I'll never forget that, the way he just wiped it off and kept going, kept living, taking each day as it comes."

Richard always knew he wanted to be a rock star, but a love of music was coupled with a strong desire to raise social awareness. "From the day I got hold of my first guitar I knew that, man, this was what I wanted to do, I knew it right here [indicates chest] you know? I wanted to make a difference, wanted to help all those kids like CJ"

However, Richard's mother, Mrs Marxalopoulos, wasn't so keen on the idea at first. "I wish I could say that my parents were supportive, but frankly I can't. I used to be up in my room playing and mom would say 'put that guitar away and come and eat your dinner!' y'know? She didn't realise that music was my life. She thought I should finish high school, do my homework, all that s\*\*t. I don't think I can ever forgive her for that. When I was 15 [pauses] this is hard for me to say, Dad took away my guitar, said I was spending too much time with it, thought I was f\*\*\*n' it or something, just 'cause I slept with it and sometimes used it to scratch."

Richard couldn't spend all of his time with his beloved guitar, Bessie. To keep food on the table Richard had to go out to work when he was just 18. "My mom said I had to earn my own way 'cause I was eating

them out of house and home. I think she was just pissed 'cause I used to use her hairspray, and, like, once, she caught me using her eyeliner, but I just wanted to look like Kiss, y'know?"

I worked in a paint store. They used to pay me seventeen bucks an hour. And out of that I had to buy everything — mousse, jeans, concert tickets, sometimes I was so poor I had to miss out on issues of *Guitar* magazine and that cut me like a knife. [looks down] Like a knife."

Being shot from obscurity into superstardom was hard for Richard. "Yeah, I liked the money and the fame and all that, but it was hard to adjust. I would walk down the street and people would hassle me for an autograph and I just couldn't believe it, I was like, who? me? I couldn't believe that people would want my autograph. After a while I accepted it and realised that people need someone to look up to, a hero, someone cool and sexy. I always knew that people found me attractive, and when I realised my looks and my music maybe made someone's day that little bit easier, I accepted it."

In later years, Richard has been known for the contribution he has made to social, economic, philosophical and religious theory. "I picked up a book by some guy with the same last name as mine and I just knew there was something in it, it wasn't just a bunch of egghead crap. And I knew that I could fix up these ideas and make them really worthwhile, and that's what I've done. I think my namesake would be glad to know that his work hasn't counted totally for nothing."

Behind Richard Marx's public personae, a warm and loving human being resides. He is as quick-witted as he is talented and as compassionate as he is handsome. The closest that many of us will come to to him is through his music, which speaks for itself.

Richard Marx: complex, enigmatic, esoteric, elegant, composite, elaborate, heterogeneous, comely, aristocratic, discriminating, benevolent and magnanimous. He is all these things and more.

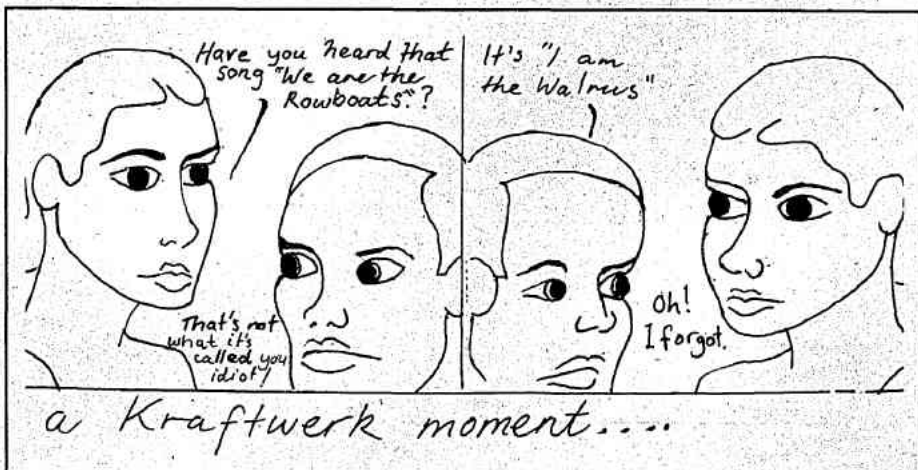
— SARAH HUTCHINGS

## That Wacky Web!

When I was originally told about this page I was somewhat dismissive. Jenni is some girl in America who has set up her college dorm room as a live Internet sight with a video camera that updates images constantly of what happens in her room. At first I thought this sounded like geek gone crazy — which it is — but soon I found myself strangely entranced by the complete strangeness of this concept and becoming inexplicably soothed by its utter banality.

Whilst I have little doubt than Jenni is probably a stupid pain in the arse and a complete exhibitionist considering the number of naked photos she includes of herself, I cannot deny that this page, like an episode of *Judge Judy*, is horribly fascinating.

Some of the things that intrigue me are the fact that you can "subscribe" to Jennicam by paying \$US15 or, if you're from Australia or Europe, a six pack of beer. Quite a cool idea. I would, however, like to know why a girl who is prepared to show the rest of the world her most intimate details, has such a silly bedroom full of teddy bears and floral patterns.





# Bryan Adams and the adult oriented middle 8

Apparently (now there's the voice of authority) a few years ago, someone like the NME interviewed Bryan Adams and challenged him to write a song in a specified time period, say, two hours. Bryan did so and in a subsequent discussion of his songwriting said that he believed his songwriting strength is his middle 8s.

What is this middle 8? Its name (I'm guessing here) is probably derived from the fact that often it is eight bars long and is found close to the middle of the song, but that's not really important. What's important is that whether you know it or not, whether you like it or not, the middle 8 is one of the cornerstones of soft rock.

So how best to describe the middle 8? Well, it's not a verse, it's not a chorus, it generally only comes once in the song, it sometimes precedes a guitar solo, it sometimes involves a key change, it's often lyrically touching and, most tellingly, it shows that the song wasn't just thrown together by talented amateurs — it was written by a songwriter. "Cherrybomb", "Teenage Riot" and "They Saved Hitler's Cock" are all great songs, but none of them have middle 8s — they're just not that kind of tune.

Starting with these generalisations about the middle 8 and Bryan Adams' unqualified self-confidence with this bit of the song, let's look at five of his tunes and see how they stack up.

## Heaven

This is textbook stuff. As a teenager I was absorbed by the sentimentality of this song

(even if I used to think the chorus was "I'm finding it hard to believe/We're in heaven" which doesn't seem to make sense). Also as a teenager I always found the part of the song I would sing along with most fervently was "I've been waiting for so long/For something to arrive/For love to come along". And where do you think these lyrics are? In the middle 8.

### Middle 8 checklist:

*Only one appearance?* Yes  
*Precedes a solo?* Yes  
*Key change?* No  
*Lyrically touching?* Yes

### Summer of '69

Bryan's paean to the last summer of the sixties is a very nostalgic tune (duh). But amongst all the reminiscing, what's his big realisation — what's the one thing Bryan learns? "I guess nothing can last forever" (duh again, but in the context of the same album which gave us "Kids Wanna Rock", this is deep). No prize for guessing at which point in the song Bryan lets fly with this.

### Middle 8 checklist:

*Only one appearance?* Yes  
*Precedes a solo?* No — the band breaks down to just one guitar but we couldn't really call it a solo. Bryan runs against type and saves the solo for the end.

*Key change?* Yes and what a key change! Your average last-verse-of-a-Manilow-song style key change goes up a semi-tone or a tone (that's musicians talk) — Bryan goes up a full tone and a half and the results are rocking!

*Lyrically touching?* Very much so.

### Everything I Do (I Do It For You)

This was one ridiculously successful song and continues to be so — played at weddings, played at funerals, the 'our song' of more couples than I would care to imagine and more so than any of his other songs, this is Bryan Adams' retirement fund (the performance royalties from this alone will keep him in jeans and workboots for many years to come). For all that, the middle 8 seems to be here more out of obligation than necessity. Once Bryan's expressed sentiments like "You can't say/It's not worth dying for" and the title lyric, "There's no love/like your love" etc seems sorta half-hearted.

### Middle 8 checklist:

*Only one appearance?* Yes  
*Precedes a solo?* Yes  
*Key change?* Yes, but it hardly powers the song along  
*Lyrically touching?* Not compared with what precedes it — overall it seems like Bryan phoned this one in.

### Run To You

This one presents us a fascinating problem of nomenclature. The middle 8 here breaks the mould in one significant way — there are no lyrics. It's just a little guitar phrase before we get back to the chorus. But couldn't that be a guitar solo? Well, strictly speaking, no. It's not a melodic improvisation over an established harmonic pattern (today's ballpark definition of a guitar solo) but moreover, its place in the song and most importantly, the key change which it includes

suggests Bryan's up to his old tricks again.

### Middle 8 checklist:

*Only one appearance?* Yes  
*Precedes a solo?* No  
*Key change?* Yes  
*Lyrically touching?* N/A

### Let's Make A Night To Remember

...and a song to forget. I can't deny Bryan Adams' right to release a song with an overtly sexual theme. That doesn't change the fact that in when he sings "Let's make out let's do something amazing/Let's do something that's all the way" it sounds creepy and wrong. I mean, would you wanna hear Prince singing "Summer of '69"? Should Liz Phair tackle "Everything I Do"? Still, it's interesting to note that even in the heat of passion, Bryan manages to sneak in a middle 8. Its sentiment of "I think about ya all the time/Can't you see you drive me outta my mind" is nothing out of the ordinary but it's a relief compared with other lyrics like "I've never touched somebody like the way I touch your body" — where Bryan's involved, I just don't wanna know.

### Middle 8 checklist:

*Only one appearance?* Yes  
*Precedes a solo?* Just for something a little different, it precedes a key change  
*Key change?* See above  
*Lyrically touching?* Touching's probably not the right word.

—PAUL CHAMPION

ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN AN ADELAIDE FANZINE ENTITLED SOFT ROCK RENGADE — THE POST IRONIC JOURNAL OF ADULT CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

## Your problems solved with Dean and Rob from the Curiosity Show



Dear Dean and Rob,

It seems that recently I have been suffering feelings of grave inadequacy. You see I must be the only person in Australia who has yet to shed a single tear over the death of Princess Diana. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night screaming. Not about memories of the car accident, but because people keep accusing me of being a traitor to the human race because I couldn't give a shit. I've tried everything. I got my hair cut and bleached just like hers and bought several designer dresses and Pierre Cardin handbags just so I could better identify with her on the day of her death. I've renamed my children William and Harry (and my daughter who used to be called Charlene is pretty unhappy), I've even had an affair with a polo playing military man and bought a \$200,000 diamond ring!

Nothing works. For some strange reason I simply cannot identify with this woman. I don't even think that Henri Paul is Satan incarnate and sometimes (most shameful of all) I even find myself sympathising with the Queen. Not only that, but I thought that Elton John's performance was sappy rubbish and if he'd played at my funeral I would have risen from the dead and kicked him up the arse. Please Dean and Rob, help me! I'm hurtin'.

Hate Myself — Kambah

Dear Hate Myself,

I don't know if God fearing folk like Dean and Myself can possibly bring ourselves to help the devil in human form, but as Jesus said "May he who is without sin wear a white skivvy and sandals".

In order to feel irrational guilt over the death of Princess Diana you will need:

- 47 copies of "Candle in the Wind" playing endlessly on your stereo.
- A copy of the Royal Wedding Souvenir edition of *Woman's Day* with which to flagellate yourself.
- A copy of the official Princess Diana biography to hit yourself over the head with.
- A carpet of real flowers in your living room.
- A letter to the editor of *New Idea* explaining the bond you shared with her and how her death affected you more than the death of your own mother.

Try some of these simple steps and you should be feeling appropriately teary in no time. But if not, then you really don't deserve to live on this earth. Until then keep exploring your world!

Love, Dean and Rob



JOIN THE DOTS WITH BUTCHERBOB

play

BE STILL MY PRETTY

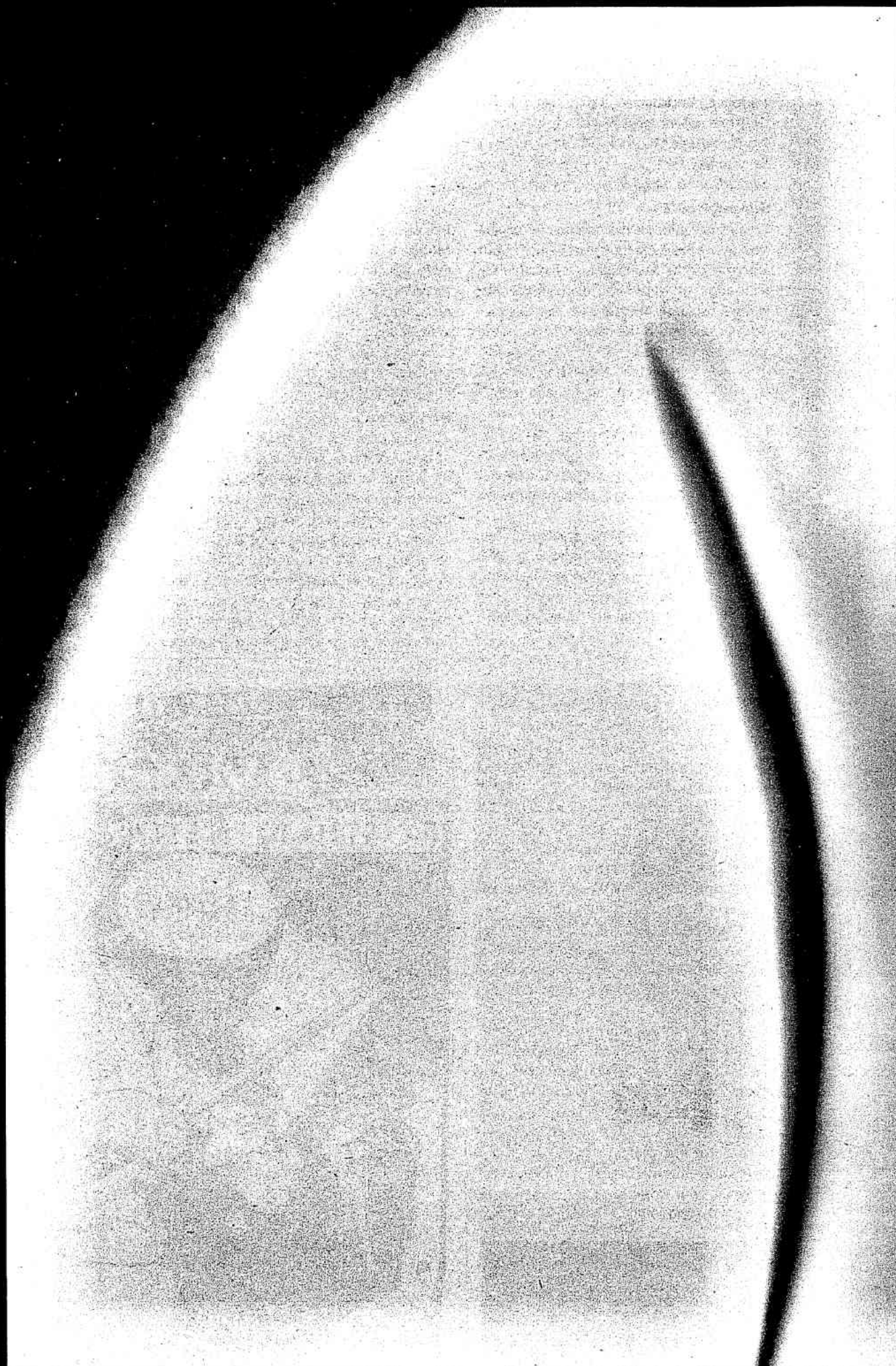
...THIS

Woroni in no way condones the chopping up of live animals

SLOOPY 1994



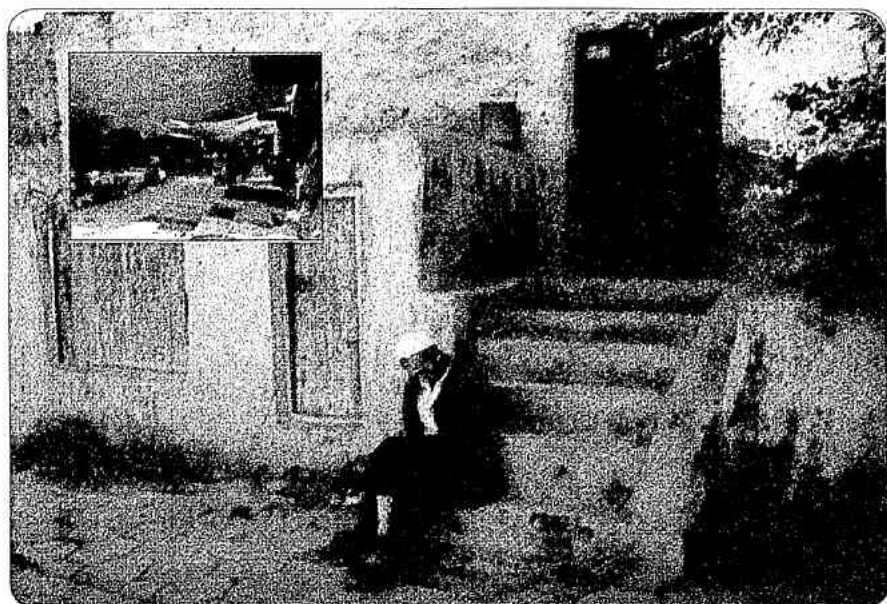
art space



james painter  
*untitled*  
1997



## travel



(above) An old man rests outside a mud brick house in Kashgar (inset) A display of the wonderfully coloured fabrics available at the Kashgar market

### The long road to Kashgar

Kashgar, city of mystery and intrigue, has long been associated with traders plying the silk road, with their caravans of exotic goods, silks, fur, and precious stones; with pilgrims, prophets and messengers travelling to India via Pakistan along the famous Karakoram highway.

Kashgar is a meeting place for people from all walks of life — nowadays, there is a mixture of the Chinese army, tourists and travellers, as well as local traders from Pakistan and farmers from surrounding townships. But perhaps getting there is even more of an adventure than Kashgar itself (if indeed that is possible). You can arrive overland from Pakistan, or from Beijing which is the journey I made.

I took a four day train across the Gobi desert and into Urumqi, the westernmost province of China. The people there are known as Uigurs (pronounced weigurs). They are Muslim people, originally from Turkey, who speak and write in Arabic.

The Chinese trains are a pretty special experience. Buying a ticket is only the beginning of the adventure. Be sure to buy a hard sleeper ticket — comfortable, if lacking in privacy. China is not a place renowned for privacy in any case, so get used to it. You'll find yourself in a little booth with six bunk beds, wide open to the corridor. The middle bunk gives you both a view out the window, a position that is far enough away from the loudspeakers which blare Chinese music nearly 24 hours. You will be away from those who appropriate the bottom bunks in the day for their card games and drinking sessions, and most importantly, you will have a modicum of privacy away from too many prying eyes. If you don't speak Chinese, you will experience a rare advantage in this situation, so take full advantage of it: You won't be able to answer the incessant questions about your age and marital status, and even better, you won't be able to overhear and un-

derstand the conversations about you which will invariably involve speculation as to your age and marital status.

You will survive these four days by gazing out the window at the amazing scenery; stopping at the stations to buy supplies from hawkers; and by staring and speculating about your fellow travellers, all of whom have a story to tell.

Four days later, you arrive in Urumqi (Uluqi in Chinese) — it is a large industrial city with a high proportion of Chinese who were lured there by the Government by promises of instant wealth. They were to make the uigurs a minority in their own country. A day trip out of the city to Hanshan (Heavenly Lake) which is a beautiful lake atop a mountain surrounded in per-



(above) Heavenly Lake near Urumqi is even more beautiful than Lake Burley Griffin

petual mist is worthwhile. But beware, the road there is hairy going.

From Urumqi, take a sleeper bus to Kuqa (Kucha), the half way point on the journey to Kashgar. The roads are pretty rough and the trip could be really uncomfortable. By this stage, you will see fewer Chinese people, and more Uigur — you will recognise them by their distinctive attire. The men wear decorative skull caps, and they carry big, big knives on their belts. The women wear colourful scarves and dresses often in bright pink and purple velvets and lace — they wear thick stockings all round the year

from which they often whip out a small knife and a bunch of cash. The uigur are incredibly friendly and far less nosy than Chinese — possibly because 'foreigners' don't look as foreign to them as do the Chinese.

The trip to Kuqa involves many stops for food and the loo at little roadside eateries but more often in the middle of the desert. Don't be alarmed — the Uigur are very respectful and will not stare too openly as you squat in the open with not a twig for cover. The menu at eateries is not geared to vegetarians — the fare on offer includes truly delicious lamb kebabs and lamb noodles.

Kuqa is a dusty town that consists of a bus stop with a hotel that is frankly disgusting. You can hail a taxi to take you out to the desert. The drive out there is truly magnificent, through red and purple mountains and across salt plains, then finally a purple mountain range looms, in the centre of which is paradise. A maze of caves with beautiful frescoes set in a luscious valley. On the way back, stop at the mud brick city ruins that are more than a thousand years old.

One more day across even more beautiful scenery, and you are in Kashgar, with a body sore from travelling and longing for a hot shower and a bed. The arrival in Kashgar is chaotic and confusing. You may well find yourself packed into a bicycle driven cart and whisked off to a hotel — hopefully it will be the Seman Hotel, the old Russian Embassy building which is the best deal in town.

Kashgar's old city is a maze of streets with mud brick houses, bazaars and shops that haven't changed for hundreds of years. Catch the market day when people inundate the town in their thousands with their donkey carts loaded with wares. Lots of great smells, sounds and sights that you have to see for yourself. So get out of here — and enjoy.

—KATHREEN RICKETSON

### foreign correspondent

liz brandon  
freiburg university  
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### More than just beer and pretzels

About this time of year, the ANU starts cranking up its Oktoberfest machine and Bavarian brewers here in Germany fill their kegs ready for the tourist masses. Meanwhile, Munich locals pack their bags and leave town to escape ridiculously inflated beer prices. But the real Germany is more than just beer, pretzels and Black Forest cake. And although I've had my fair share of those in my first five months as an exchange student, there are other weird and wonderful aspects to Germany.

One of the best ways to see a country from the 'inside' is to live there as a student, because you meet all sorts of people and are forced to learn the language. At first glance, student life in Germany seems pretty good. Coming from a land where upfront fees are sometimes a fact of life, I was surprised to find that uni here is free (almost). Protests last year resisted a raise of the semester fee from \$50 to \$150! People are still clinging to the principle of free education for all, but it's hard to see how it can last. Uni staff are forced by lack of funds to have incredibly short opening hours and there's no spare cash for luxuries like comfy chairs in lecture rooms or adequate computer facilities. Students manage to score some bonuses though — subsidised rooms in ressie halls and meals in the uni refec (if you can face them).

Being an Australian with an appreciation of beer is not enough by itself to buy you a ticket into German society. There are a few things to get used to before you can feel at home among the Stefans and Sabines. Uni is a minefield of cultural traditions for the unsuspecting exchange student. I turned up for my first lecture right on time in ignorance of the traditional 'student quarter', a fifteen minute break between classes, to give everyone time to grab a coffee before class. As for food, Germans have a big thing for cold meat, cheese, and gherkins. Then, when it comes to washing all this down with a beer, you're supposed to look each person in the eye as you clink glasses and say "Prost!" This strict custom can turn even the smallest party into a chaotic confusion of "Prosts!" and takes so long that it's no wonder Germans stay sober for most of the night.

But some German mannerisms are changing. The lederhosen (leather knickerbockers) have been mostly abandoned (in favour of socks and sandals) and I haven't seen too many felt caps around town. The stuffy, conservative German stereotype doesn't ring true anymore, especially when you see the radical steps they've taken to change their lifestyle. Being "green" is a great example of this, especially in my town, the "Eco-Capital" of Germany. You're expected to take your own carry-bags to the supermarket, and people recycle religiously — our kitchen has five different rubbish bins. Bikes are also big here, and you're just not a Freiburger if you don't own one. Thinking green is not really 'alternative' anymore, but part of mainstream German living.

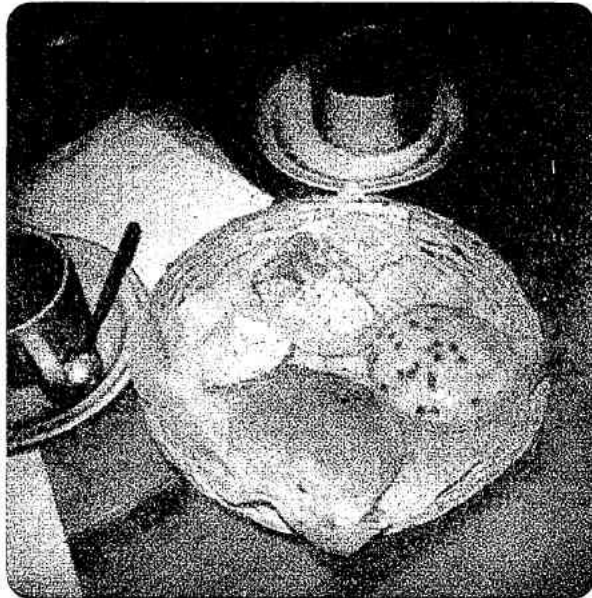
Changing into an eco-friendly society is made possible primarily by money, and Germany has lots of it. As a country that's churned out so many composers, luxury cars and good beers, it's not surprising it's still booming. Although west Germans grumble about their high taxes paying for ungrateful east Germans' new roads, they can't complain about the overall economic situation. Like its Chancellor, Germany's image in Europe is one of a large, round, well-fed and spoilt cat.

Every success story has its underside — not everyone in Germany is well-off and it's not without its social problems. You do see beggars on church steps and drunks sleeping in parks, and unemployment has worsened since reunification. Germans are also worried about the bad press they get because of skinhead extremists. In my experience, people have talked openly about the war rather than treating it as a taboo subject, making it a lot easier for outsiders to get a balanced perspective. On this and many other levels, I've found Germans easy to get along with, fun to be with, and really generous. The traditional north-south rivalry remains however. People up north get called 'fish-heads' (a real insult) and northern Germans just wish the south would take their lederhosen and cowbells elsewhere and secede from Germany.

It isn't all that different from back home really.



# food



(above) Cornucopia: how can little bits of pastry taste so good?

## Cornucopia Bakery

<b>Address:</b> Shop 1/40 Mort St, Braddon	<b>Average Prices:</b>
<b>Phone:</b> 6249 1494	Bread \$2.50
<b>Opening Hours:</b>	Pies \$2.30
Tues-Fri: 7.30 am-4.30pm	Sandwiches \$4.00
Saturday: 7.30 am-12.30pm	Sweets \$1.80
	Coffee Pot: (lge) \$5.20; (sml) \$2.60 (second pot free)

## Cornucopia of delights

Just the mention of Cornucopia Bakery sets mouths watering. Located in Braddon, Cornucopia is a mere hop, skip and a jump from Civic. It is run by Trilby (pastry chef extraordinaire) and her father, Gary. It has a lovely family feel. It is a bakery-come-cafe that attracts anyone and everyone with one thing in common — a love for great food.

There is a wide array of delectable sweet pastries, such as my personal favourite, the plum dumpling, made with croissant pastry and filled with plums, custard and marzipan (\$1.80).

The tantalising savoury luncheon fare is diverse enough to cater to any taste. For lunch on the run, my favourite is a herb foccacia roll filled with freshly made pesto, grilled vegies and bocconcini cheese.

It is not only a great place to pick up lunch or a snack, but a good breakfast location too. Coffee and an array of pastries — how better to start the day? The handrolled croissants are lovely, light and buttery. The lemon curd tart is demure and well deserves its position as best seller. The passionfruit-tart was per-

haps a little too sweet for my taste — a sugar custard explosion, perfect for all the sweet tooths out there. The apple pocket's pastry was perfect, and would go perfectly with a dollop of cream. Other sweets to try are the rich chocolate

**"Cornucopia uses only the best and freshest of produce — no bread improvers or preservatives, only natural old fashioned methods and ingredients. Everything is made from scratch daily, and the left overs are given to charities."**

cake, the chocolate croissant made with belgian chocolate, a blueberry brioche and the very special rum prune tart.

Cornucopia uses only the best and freshest of produce — no bread improvers or preservatives, only natural old fashioned methods and ingredients. Everything is made

from scratch daily, and the left overs are given to charities.

Cornucopia boasts a fantastic choice of breads, pastries, crocodiles and pies. There is a range of special breads, the best sellers among them being the olive bread (my favourite), and the potato bread. They sell a mung bean sourdough, a wholemeal rye, and on Saturdays, a walnut bread, and fruit bread without sugar and butter.

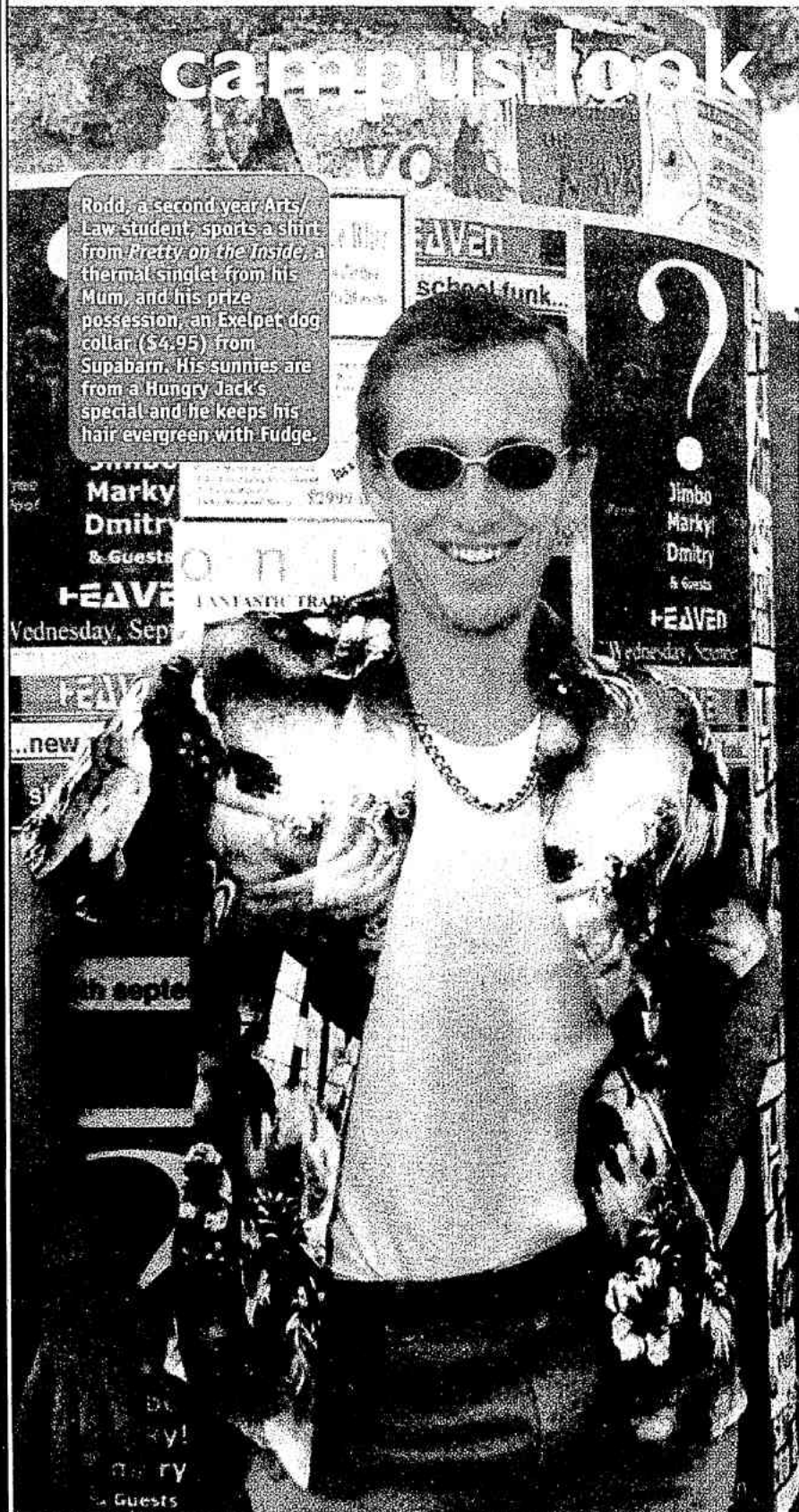
The crocodiles and sandwiches are so good, with fillings such as cajun or brandy smoked chicken. In the pie department, there are gourmet pies such as kangaroo and beer, venison and juniperberry, there are quiches, pizzas, calzones and a good vegetarian range — look out for the spinach and fetta pastie, and the pumpkin pillow.

Cornucopia is a place of delicious food and friendly service — it is quick and cheap. What more could you ask? You need to be early to catch all the goodies especially on a Saturday morning.

—KATHREEN RICKETSEN

### handy household hint

Save time getting ready for work in the morning by putting on five pairs of underpants on Monday. Then each morning simply whip off the top pair and hey presto! there's a clean pair underneath.



## Rice done nice

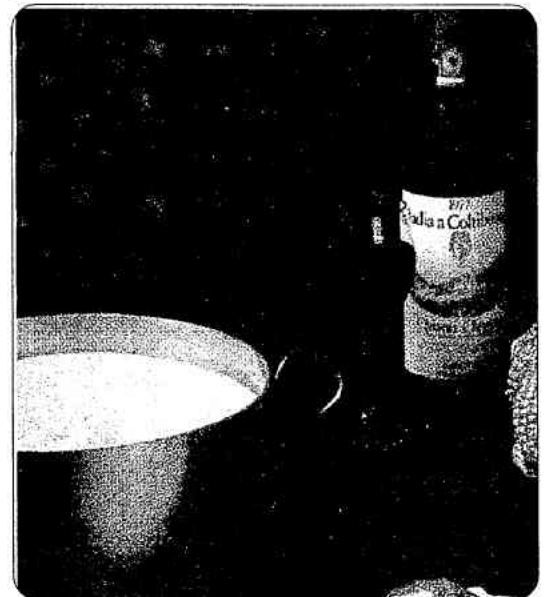
Risotto is a really easy meal to whip up as a winter or summer dish — you can make it stodgy and heavy, or create a lighter impression by adding summer ingredients.

### Basic Ingredients:

- 90 grams butter/a third of a cup of olive oil
- A brown onion or a leek, finely chopped
- 2 cups arborio rice (feeds 4 people well)
- 6 cups of good stock that complements the ingredients added to the risotto, kept on the boil
- 1 cup freshly grated parmesan cheese
- Freshly ground black pepper
- Wine adds a good flavour (if you have it)

### Here's How:

1. To begin, brown some onions (or some leeks) in a heavy based pot. Use half of the olive oil or butter depending on whether you are basing the risotto on butter or olive oil.
2. Add the arborio rice grains and the wine if you are using it. Stir until wine evaporates or until all rice grains are translucent. At this stage you should add any hard ingredients, such as mushrooms, endives, bits of fried Italian sausage, or even prawns, and whatever herbs you intend to use.
3. Add boiling broth a half a cup at a time, stirring constantly until each addition is absorbed before



(above) This is what saffron risotto can look like

adding the next. The rice should always be covered by a 'veil' of broth.

4. When the risotto is thickening up, add any spices that you might want to — usually, these are used alone, without other ingredients to complicate the flavour. A good way to go is to add some saffron dissolved in broth when the rice is almost cooked. It gives a lovely warm colour.

5. Add parmesan cheese, and remaining butter, and pepper to taste.

6. Cover and let the risotto rest for a few minutes before serving.

That's it — you may share the stirring duties, but it is a recipe that is at your disposal to do with as you will. Experiment with it until you get it right.



ADVERTISEMENT

**OPEN LETTER TO THE PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL  
CONVENTION YOUTH DELEGATE FOR THE A.C.T,  
HEIDI ZWAR**

We the undersigned urge the ACT's youth appointee, Heidi Zwar, to establish a truly consultative mechanism to canvass youth opinion on the republic and the coming People's Constitutional Convention, so that she can accurately convey the sentiments of young people within the ACT.

We believe that as an appointed representative Heidi has a duty to comprehensively canvass all views and represent majority youth opinion on the Republican issue.

Given the immediacy of the Convention, Republicans on Campus look forward to hearing from Heidi as to her plans to facilitate this process of open dialogue (and as to the means by which she will report back on developments in this regard).

Adam Kirk  
Adele Tate  
Adrian Kirchner  
Adrian Penalver  
Aileen Eugenio  
Amanda Lawrence  
Andre Lena  
Andrew Purches  
Anne Witheford  
Arjmand Ahmad  
Ashley Wells  
Aua Tuakoi  
Ayllie White  
Barry Hopkins  
Ben Halliday  
Ben Staughton  
Brendan Ding  
Carolyn Chan  
Chris Williams  
Cindi Jackson  
Collette Hull  
Daniel Joyce  
Darren Rowsell  
David Carpenter  
Dean Butlers  
Debra Browitt  
Dr. Adam Cobb  
Edwin Stone  
Eleanor Bates  
Emma Sagers  
Erin Killion  
Felicia Wells  
Garth Crawford  
Geoff Binns

Glenn Phillips  
Gloria Wong  
Grace Kuzara  
Greg Slatcher  
Holly Stegman  
Hoshang Mehta  
Jack Pearson  
Jacki Smith  
Jane Stratton  
Janine Lapworth  
Jason Cebalo  
Jason Ives  
Jonathan Tonge  
Justine Titheridge  
Jyoti Larke  
Karine Fairbairn  
Kate Bunbury  
Kath Cummins  
Katherine Giles  
Kellie Dwyer  
Kerri Weir  
Leanne Smith  
Lisa Higginson  
Louise Baird  
Louise Petre  
M. Dixon  
M. Kaur  
Marisa Senese  
Mark Sheppard  
Mark Smith  
Martin Guthrie  
Matt Lutze  
Matt Reader  
Matt Tinning

Matt William  
Matthew Jackson  
Michael Anderson  
Michael Barry  
Michael Brady  
Michael Lebihn  
Minnie O'Shea  
Naomi Viccers  
Natalie Zirngast  
Natasha Mitchell  
Natasha Westcott  
Nicholas Goodwin  
Nicholas Taylor  
P. Sienkowski  
Peta Stevenson  
Renee Clarke  
Richard Cadie  
Roger Somerville  
Romaney Sexton  
S. Ringsland  
Sandra Smith  
Sarah Wilson  
Scott Churbon  
Sean Reynolds  
Simone Sarroff  
Stefanie Cordina  
Steve Corcoran  
Tim O'Hara  
Tim Reardon  
Tim Storer  
Tom Ritchie  
Vicki McJamon  
Wang Fang  
Yeshe Smith

**Make sure your enrolment for the postal ballot for delegates to the  
People's Constitutional Convention is up to date by the 7 October  
deadline. Contact the Electoral Commission, the Students' Association  
or the Australian Republican Movement on 1800 80 2000 for  
information. Voting is to take place between 3 November and 9  
December 1997.**



## Hong Kong's Big Guns

Hong Kong movies used to be the realm of movie geeks and Asian Studies alterna-hunks alone. But over the years, Jackie Chan and others have popularised the movies produced by the Hong Kong film industry, moving the genre slowly but surely into the mainstream. The handover of Hong Kong has accelerated this move into the trendy, as many prominent directors have made the move to Hollywood. Yet the Hong Kong film genre is under threat as Hollywood producers stifle directorial creativity and bestow that annihilating Hollywood magic touch. Intrepid *Woroni* reporter ROBIN SHORTT spent some time catching up on the latest Hong Kong flicks and finding out what makes the Hong Kong film industry tick.

**T**he profile of Hong Kong cinema in the West is the highest it has been since Bruce Lee was alive. For decades HK's prolific output of films were solely the obsession of video geeks (including a young Quentin Tarantino) and almost impossible to find outside of a Chinatown. But now, with a flood of HK expatriate movie makers coming to Hollywood and the proselytizing of those same suddenly-cool film geeks, Hong Kong movies are getting the attention in the West that they deserve.

Of course, the Hong Kong films that are getting the most attention here are of the "action" variety. In Hong Kong, this is a wider range of films than you might think. The boundary between action and drama (and especially that between action and comedy) in HK cinema is harder to draw than for Hollywood. Action scenes tend to creep into the most sedate movie; Wai Ka Fai's *Peace Hotel*, for instance, is a quiet and slow-paced love story, until the climax, when dozens of people die in a spectacular lightning-fast sword fight. And anyone who's seen a Jackie Chan movie will realise that comedy and action in Hong Kong go hand-in-hand.

This emphasis on action films in the West's new appreciation of HK movies is not at the expense of Hong Kong's small band of non-action-oriented avant-garde auteurs. Probably the most pre-eminent of these is Wong Kar Wai. Wong's post-modern love stories are attracting a lot of praise from Western critics since his *Chungking Express* received a cinema distribution in the US (through Quentin Tarantino's company Rolling Thunder; Tarantino, one of HK cinema's

most enthusiastic boosters in the West, owes no small debt to Hong Kong in his own films, about which more later). Wong's *Fallen Angels* actually got a cinema release in Canberra, unthinkable previously for any HK movie not starring Jackie Chan. His upcoming gay love story *Happy Together* will probably receive much more fanfare. Even Wong's films are shot with the verve and style you would expect from a Tsui Hark martial arts battle. This is another attraction of HK cinema; it is extremely vital where Hollywood seems increasingly bloated and ponderous.

**"HK cinema is vital where Hollywood seems increasingly bloated and ponderous"**

The re-emergence of interest for Hong Kong cinema and its persistent and large cult following in the West have happened for the same basic reason: Hong Kong's status as a British dependency. Previously, this has meant virtually all Hong Kong films have had to be subtitled in English, allowing Western film geeks access to even the most esoteric movies. (Subtitling, not a high priority in Chinese-speaking HK, is usually carried out in the quickest possible time and at the least expense, which carelessness leads to some interesting results. Note in *Full Contact*: "Check to see if there's a hole in my underpant?"; "No! I saw a vomiting crab!")

Of course, Hong Kong is no longer a British dependency. It's interesting to note that the handover has been notice-

ably absent as a subject for Hong Kong films. This is perhaps due to the perceived tightening of censorship laws in Hong Kong due to rule from the mainland, and less tolerance of criticism. There have been notable exceptions to this, such as Wayne Wang's *Chinese Box*, a love story set during the handover and starring Jeremy Irons, but this is more of a Western production using HK as a location than a Hong Kong film.

The handover of Hong Kong has, however, led to a wave of movie makers, feeling unable to continue film making in Hong Kong, arriving in Hollywood. This influx of HK talent has more than anything else awakened interest in Hong Kong cinema in the West. Three figures in particular are attracting attention; John Woo, Ringo Lam and Tsui Hark. (Of course, HK's most famous emigre — after Bruce Lee — is undoubtedly Jackie Chan. Chan, however, has already established himself a niche in Western cinema and is not really part of this new influx of talent).

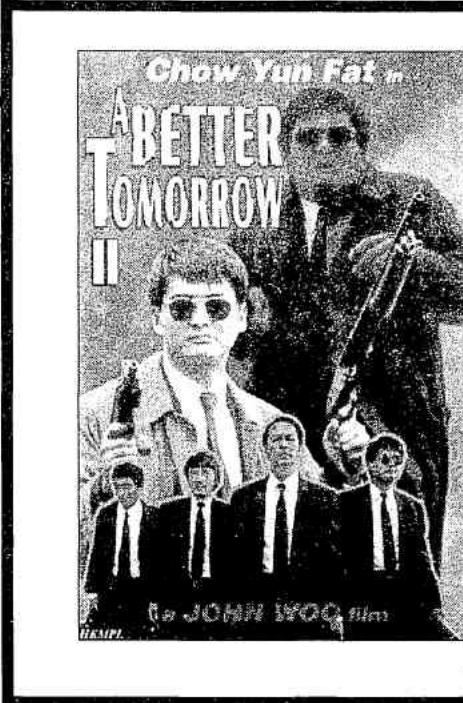
Probably the most famous Hong Kong expatriate film maker in America is the almost legendary director John Woo. Most Western moviegoers will be familiar with Woo's US work — *Hard Target*, *Broken Arrow* and the recent *Face/Off*. However, Woo's reputation as an action director rests on his Hong Kong films. Woo practically invented the "heroic gunplay" genre of Hong Kong action cinema with his 1986 blockbuster *A Better Tomorrow*, which showcased Woo's skill at both high drama and choreographing spectacular and bloody gunfights. Woo followed this with *A Better Tomorrow*



Canberra's premier (not to say only) Hong Kong video store is in Dickson. You can find a lot of the best HK stuff here, without having to go to Sydney. The films are labelled in Chinese, but the staff have a brochure with English translations of most of the titles. Virtually all are subtitled. Membership requires a \$30 deposit and videos cost \$3.50 a week to rent. Location: 19 Woolley St, Dickson (where else?) A few Hong Kong movies you may wish to check out are listed below (they're all fairly easily available): **Hard Boiled:** Most likely available at your local

video store. HK action's finest hour, with John Woo delivering several *incredible* gunfights in a story of cops battling Hong Kong gun runners. With Chow Yun-Fat and Tony Leung. **Once Upon a Time in China:** One of the best post-Bruce-Lee martial arts movies ever. Jet Lee singlehandedly rids China of the evils of Western exploitation. Directed by Tsui Hark (the "Steven Spielberg of Hong Kong"). **Full Contact:** Ringo Lam's 1992 film has Chow Yun-Fat running afoul of Simon Yam's gay-serial killer in Bangkok. An incredible gunfight in a nightclub has the

camera follow the paths of the bullets as they zoom through the air and into people's necks. **Drunken Master II:** Jackie Chan plays Wong Fei-hung and beats up people with his spectacular "drunken boxing" style. This is an Electric Shadows late-show staple. **Chunking Express:** For people who say that HK can only turn out mindless action movies. This is a brilliant piece from Wong Kar Wai telling two love stories that centre around the eponymous all-night takeaway. Bridgitte Lin is fantastic. Frederic Dannen and Barry Long's book, *Hong Kong Babylon*, is a good source of information, as is *Sex & Zen and a Bullet in the Head*.



**Chow Yun-Fat**

Very few in the West have heard of Chow Yun-Fat, despite his superstar status in Asia. After appearing in several Hong Kong daytime soap operas, he became an enormous star with his performance in John Woo's *A Better Tomorrow*. Although mostly identified with Woo, he has appeared in many Ringo Lam films and several non-action movies (including *An Autumn's Tale* and the tearjerker *All About Ah Long*, which recently screened on SBS). Chow is one of the most charismatic actors in the world, and has a huge fan following among HK movie buffs everywhere. He's sort of an Asian Clint Eastwood, having appeared in virtually every sort of movie over several years. Hopefully, Chow's profile in the West will rise with his upcoming US movies; he spent 1996 learning English, and is now filming *The Replacement Killers*, an action movie with Mira Sorvino. He may also star in Woo's new film, *King's Ransom*, which should be a welcome return to form for the two.

Hong Kong has produced excellent actors that many in the West are unaware of, such as Simon Yam, Anthony Wong and Tony Leung Chiu Wai (most recently seen as the pimp in Trinh Anh Hung's Vietnamese film *Cyclo*).

The transition to Hollywood may be important for HK cinema than as a money-making venture. Following the handover, many in the industry have declared HK film making to be dying. Jackie Chan recently commented that quality has deteriorated in HK movies in recent years; now, with the benefits of movie making there wiped out with mainland rule, many are predicting more studios to relocate to China or, worse, to be dispersed around the world and assimilated, losing their special qualities. Although a few film makers may stick it out, it seems, ironically, that just as interest in Hong Kong reaches its peak, its movie-making days may be over.

row II, his masterpiece *The Killer*, and *Hard-Boiled*, his last HK movie and possibly the best action film ever made. (Woo popularised the famous Hong Kong "two gun salute" — having a character blast away with a .45 in each hand, preferably while diving sideways through a closed window).

Woo's US movies highlight the difficulty Hong Kong film makers potentially face in the West. The free-and-easy, gung-ho HK movie making style is in sharp contrast to Hollywood's hierarchy of executives and lack of creative control. This has frustrated Woo, especially because of his penchant for surreal violence in his movies. The final cut of *Hard Target* was taken away from him, and *Broken Arrow* is really indistinguishable from US action movies. *Face/Off* is the closest Woo has come to making a "John Woo film" in the US, although his next feature, *King's Ransom* with the incomparable Chow Yun-Fat, may be a step towards more control over his films.

The problem of creative control has also plagued director Ringo Lam, an excellent action director whose work has often been overshadowed in the West by John Woo. Lam's debut American movie, *Maximum Risk*, ran into trouble due to Lam's especially dark and grim style; reshoots turned it into, well, another Van Damme movie.

(Lam has, however, indirectly achieved great success in Hollywood: his 1989 feature *City on Fire* had its plot lifted by Quentin Tarantino for his debut film *Reservoir Dogs*. Several scenes in *Dogs* are direct copies of scenes in Lam's film, including the famous three-way standoff and a scene where Danny Lee empties two .45s (of course) into the windshield of a police car. In fairness, Hong Kong films have been taking plots from Western movies for years; *Black Cat* is a reworking of Besson's *La Femme Nikita*, and Lam's own *Prison on Fire* has one scene lifted from *Midnight Express*).

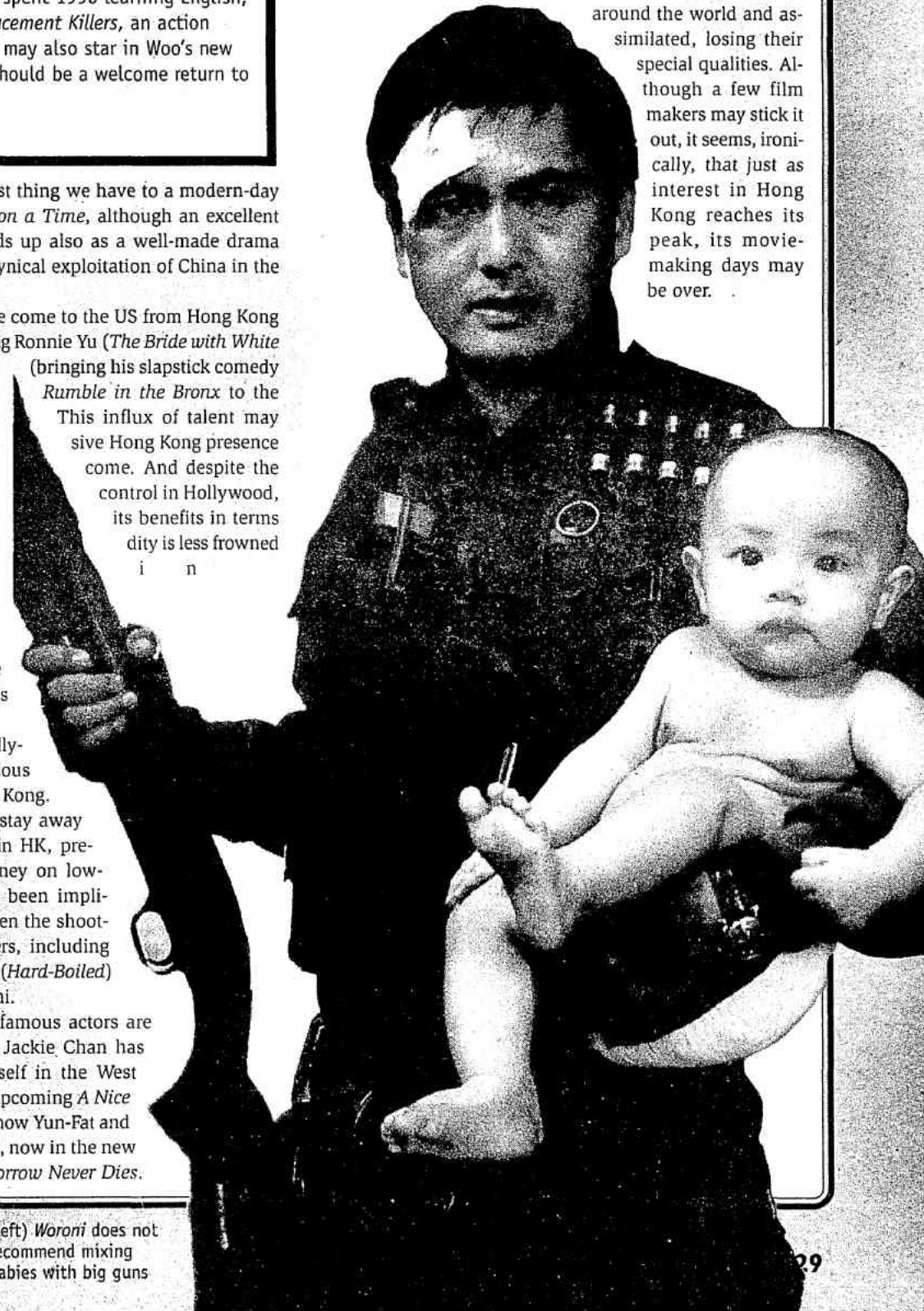
Tsui Hark, unlike Lam and Woo, is most famous for his epic kung fu and fantasy films: *Zu: Warriors from the Magic Mountain* is one of the best, and certainly weirdest, fantasy movies made in Hong Kong. Hark's reputation was made with *Once Upon a Time in China*, an historical epic about Wong Fei-hung (sort of China's Wyatt Earp), played by Jet Lee. Lee, a real-life Wu Shu champion and charismatic ac-

tor, is probably the closest thing we have to a modern-day Bruce Lee, and *Once Upon a Time*, although an excellent martial arts movie, stands up also as a well-made drama highlighting the West's cynical exploitation of China in the 19th century.

Other film makers have come to the US from Hong Kong with less fanfare, including Ronnie Yu (*The Bride with White Hair*) and Stanley Tong (bringing his slapstick comedy *Rumble in the Bronx* to the new *Mr Magoo* feature). This influx of talent may give Hong Kong presence in Hollywood in years to come. And despite the relative lack of creative control in Hollywood, its benefits in terms of artistic freedom; nu-pon in Hollywood than Hong Kong films (with the exception of so-called "Category III" (soft core) films, probably the most famous of which is *Sex & Zen*).

More importantly, Hollywood is free of the notorious triad influence in Hong Kong. While the triads tend to stay away from the major studios in HK, preferring to make fast money on low-budget films, they have been implicated in extortion and even the shooting deaths of film makers, including screenwriter Barry Wong (*Hard-Boiled*) and director Leung Po Chi.

Several of HK's more famous actors are coming to America too. Jackie Chan has already established himself in the West with *First Strike* and the upcoming *A Nice Guy*, but others include Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh (*Supercop*), now in the new James Bond movie, *Tomorrow Never Dies*.



(left) *Woroni* does not recommend mixing babies with big guns



# reviews

## music

★★★★

**EVILDOERS BEWARE**  
**Mustard Plug**  
 Hopeless Records



There are two moments that I love (more than most of the rest) in the history and evolution of rock 'n' roll. Number one: the moment someone in a boring guitar band said to his or her bandmates "Hey fellas, why don't we just play everything three times as fast?" The results were that a bunch of bands went from bland musicians to absolute legends, and some really muscly drummers. Quick punk was born. Number two: when someone in another boring garage based band said "Hey, my little brother plays trumpet, is it ok if he plays with us?" And so started the long loving relationship between the rock band and the horn section.

Mustard Plug are a punky ska band (rather than a skanking punk band) from the states who benefit from both of these seminal moments, and put it all together quite nicely thank you. Full throttle punk plus fantastic ska hop plus a good singer and a horn section to die for equals goood.

Admittedly, this is nothing that other bands haven't done before. You know the formula: boys in long shorts, matching bowl-

ing shirts, white socks, sneakers and with those funky chains from wallet to pocket. And the obligatory chubby bass player. The lyrics deal with the expected topics — girls, drinking with the boys, the odd social comment, punky statements of individuality, and more girls.

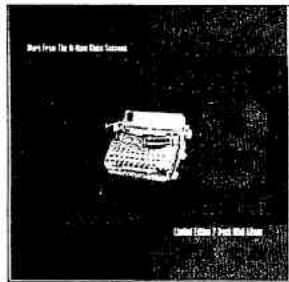
But despite all this, the record is fucking great. I don't know much about the band, but I think this might be their first album. It would be criminal if someone doesn't pick this band up and give them some airplay. It's the horns that make it all seem so fresh — they never play the same riff twice and play with enormous style and panache. (I never thought I'd use that word in a CD review).

And with guitars that bounce around the beat and then cut loose at just the right moments, it's hard to find fault. Not groundbreaking psychedelic explorations of sound, but thank god for that. Proof of the greatness of simply playing fast and having a horn section.

—PAUL H

★★★

**BLOKE ON BLOKE**  
**Billy Bragg**  
 company?



A new EP from Billy Bragg? I'll be honest with you, I nearly wet my pants with excitement. This is actually a limited seven track mini album, full of odds and ends from the sessions from Billy's most recent album, "William Bloke". Unfortunately, compared to what I think is the amazingly high standard of his other songs, it's a bit of a let down.

But it took me a couple of minutes to realise it, because the first song is a bloody classic. Co-written with ex-Smith Johnny Marr (talk about a good

career move!), "The Boy Done Good" is a fantastic tale of love and football, featuring the glorious Bragg couplet: *Now I feel like I've won the cup every time we make love/ Forty-five minutes each way, at half time I hear a brass band play.* There's another couple of alright songs on here — a gorgeously sad love song ("Rule nor reason"), a Smiths cover and a couple of angry yet funny anti-Thatcherite jaunts. But it all seems a bit out of date — I mean I know Tony Blair isn't exactly Che Guevara, but there is a Labor government in England now Billy... And when Mr. Bragg tries to get up to date, it all goes horribly wrong.

Two of the seven tracks here are crappy remixes of an album track ("Sugardaddy") that made me weep with frustration. Billy has spent years proving that all you need is a red guitar, three chords and the truth (or something like that), and has suddenly gone techno. And not in a good way. Sob.

All in all, it's Billy Bragg, you know...? But one great song and a bit of filler isn't enough to make people shell out for a record. Definitely one for the hard core fans only.

—PAUL H

★★★★

**ETERNAL NIGHTCAP**  
**The Whitlams**  
 Phantom Records



What did happen to Stevie Plunder? When The Whitlams' singer guitarist died in January 1996, there was a flurry of rumours surrounding his death at the portentous age of 33. Bizarre climbing accident? Suicide? Drugs?

*Eternal Nightcap* gestures tantalisingly towards the circumstances of what the desperately sincere promotional material describes, seven or eight times, as a "tragic" death, without ever actually confirming anything — the album is dedicated to Plunder and there is a sequence of three songs ("The Charlie Song Cycle") addressed from one friend to an absent other, containing lines such as "you're screwing it up / you're killing your soul with an audience looking on" and "nothing is calling him back to bed / and no-one is saying

goodbye". *But you never can tell.*

Actually it's the sincerity of the three "Charlie" songs which make them among *Eternal Nightcap's* best — there's a smoothness that pervades the album, from the funky sleeve design to the general emphasis on piano over guitar, which is just a little too light and fluffy. Missing is the rough, seedy side of The Whitlams which was always Stevie's domain (presumably to his ultimate detriment).

It's a small complaint in the context of what is really an excellent album, and one which remains faithful to the sound Plunder imbued in the band while building on the strengths of the remaining singer songwriter, Tim Freedman. The problem with disparaging the easy-listenability of The Whitlams is that they do it with such class — songs like "No Aphrodisiac" and "Melbourne" do get stuck in your head and yet at the same time are actually quite sweet, while "You Sound Like Louis Burdett" is reminiscent of the song with which The Whitlams first gained boppy bar-room popularity, "Gough".

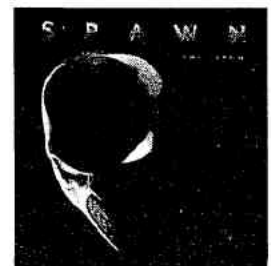
The Whitlams have always been masters of the aren't-we-kooky song lyric ("hey that's a salad roll I said and we started going out") and *Eternal Nightcap* has some great examples: "All my friends are fuck-ups but they're fun to have around", "She was one in a million/ So there's five more just in New South Wales" and "If I had three lives / I'd marry her in two" are some of the best.

If it's an inevitably commercial change of tack for The Whitlams, it is at least one done with humour and style, which is maybe all you can ask following such a (mysterious) "tragedy".

—VICTOR O'SULLIVAN

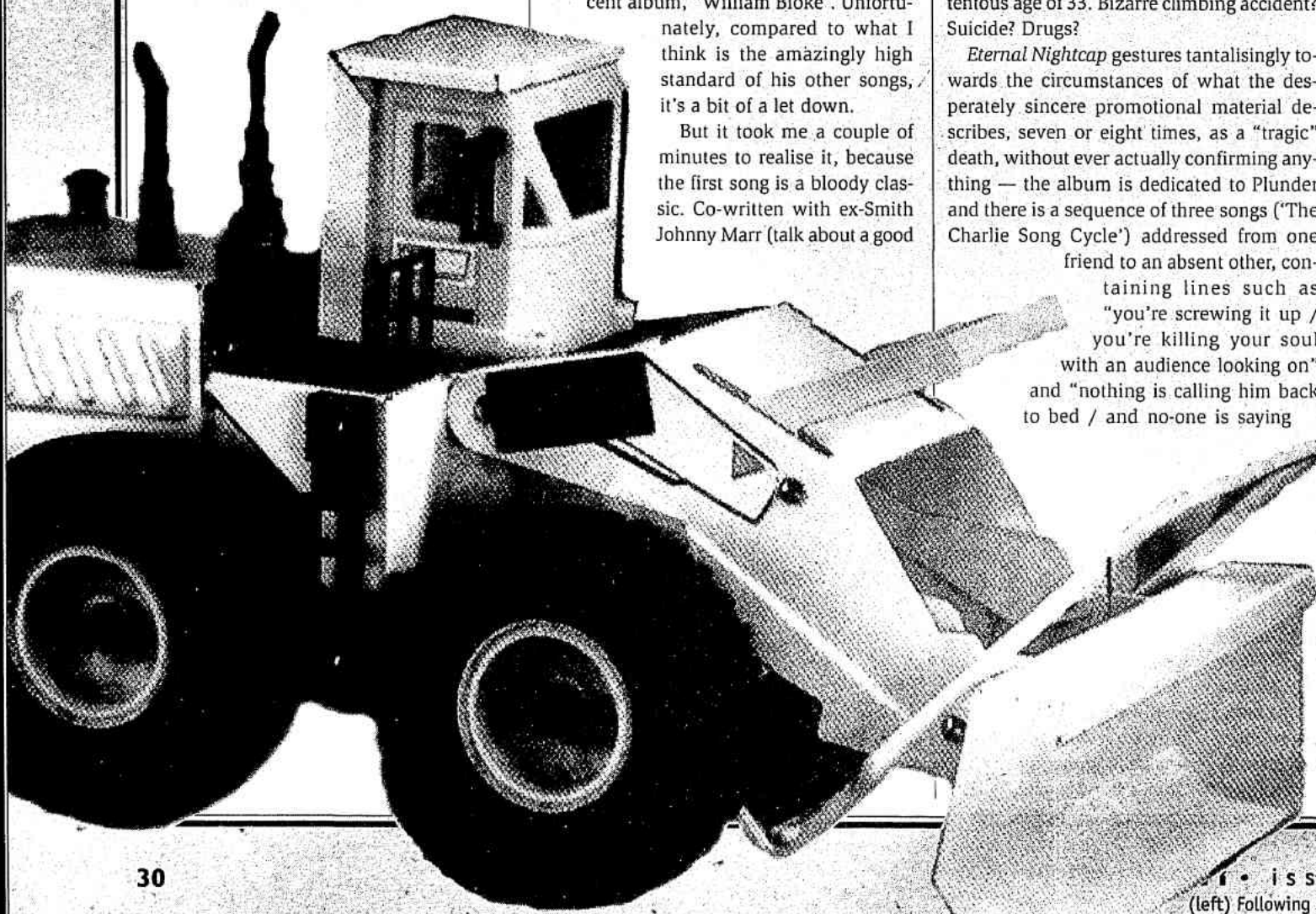
★★★

**SPAWN — THE ALBUM**  
**Various Artists**  
 Sony



On first listening to this album, I can almost hear Clint Goldman yelling to the music director "Hey Grahame, make sure you get those really alternative sounding bands. No, not Rod Stewart, the ones the kids like. Like that Manson fellow, and Silver Stool, and that Henry bloke with the square head". And by crikey, Grahame has done his job, cornering the hard-edged Triple J market and ensuring sales to nearly all the students of Narrabundah college.

The contributors to the album are all from the same mold, carved from that not so rare breed that modifies their music until it can be voted for on Take 40 America. Unwelcome appearances are made by Slayer, Korn, Silverchair and any other band you can think of with an alternative sounding name and poor current record sales. The producers of the album have also chosen to double the





bands into unlikely combinations to produce a new direction in sound. This technique unfortunately, has not worked. The producers have managed to pull Kirk Hammet from his busy drug schedule and whacked him in a room with Orbital, with the only instructions that they are not allowed out until they produce a song about the antichrist; hence track 3, *Satan* was born. If this was not enough, they have also had remixed Metallica's "For Whom the Bell Tolls", into a dance (?) version. This should be a fascinating mix of genres, but in actuality, it just plain sucks.

To be fair however, there are some very successful combinations. The amalgamation of Tom Morello and Prodigy works remarkably well with both artists' styles apparent in the final outcome. The producers, I'm sure, left Morello with strict requirements that no-one was to be slapping anyone's bitch skyward. Furthermore, the gothic freak Marilyn Manson lends his skills to the ever alternative Sneaker Pimps in *Long Hard Road Out Of Hell*, which is actually much better than it sounds.

There is no doubt that this album will be purchased by comic enthusiasts world wide, after they are disappointed by the film. It will however, only prove to damage the minds of these already obviously disturbed individuals. There is no way that sitting at home reading comics and listening to Slayer can make for a more balanced society.

—NICK SHAW

★★★

**TRIPLE J UNEARTHED 5**  
Various Artists  
EMI



Having listened to all the previous Triple J Unearthed releases, and being blown away by the enthusiasm put into each track, I felt a little let down by this addition to the collection. Many of the tracks on this unearthed edition seem to be very similar to each other in the fact that they sound quite impotent and lacking any real passion, though luckily, there are some deviations from this trend. Noticeably the songs by Canberra's Liquid (yay!), Grafton's own Gumption (a rockin song called "Contagiously Yours" that delivers its message well), and a young Perth band called Elixir (a teen-angst filled track that hits the spot), bring this album out of the depths from which it could of sunk.

The cover of the CD displays a Tonka type earth mover (wouldn't have been my first choice for the cover) and the inside contains the usual unearthed commentary that has become so familiar and often brings a laugh. The CD is not so bad (perhaps I expect too much from these people) and the price of \$9.95 makes it a little more palatable. You could definitely buy worse.

—DANIEL HADSON

## books

★★★★

**JACK MAGGS**  
Peter Carey  
University Of Queensland Press  
\$35.00



Peter Carey's new novel, *Jack Maggs*, is an inventive and fabulous story about the literary inspiration behind Charles Dickens' classic, *Great Expectations*. It is full of exotic and rich detail — it is an A to Z of crime, an almanac of pseudo-science, and a political tract against the abuse of the weak and the vulnerable. The novel concerns an escaped Australian convict, Jack Maggs, who returns to England and enters into a pact with a London author, Tobias Oates. He agrees to be put under hypnosis by the writer, and reveal his convict past, in return for help to find his adopted son, Henry Phipps. However, Tobias Oates violates this trust, and decides to turn the character and history of Jack Maggs into a story, *The Death Of Jack Maggs*. His literary ambitions to write the Great English novel blind him to the pitiful plight of his subject. Tobias Oates is a cruel aesthete who is content to turn the lives of others into images, while simply not noticing that they are suffering. This character is a brilliant parody of Charles Dickens in particular, and of the pretensions of writers in general.

This novel provides a cautionary tale about the ethics of writing, about the theft of personal history for the sake of fiction. It has a contemporary relevance in this age of "faction" and unauthorised biographies, in which authors — like Helen Garner in *The First Stone* — feel free to write about the lives of real people without first gaining their permission or consent.

—MATTHEW RIMMER

★★★

**NICE SHOOTIN', COWBOY**  
Anson Cameron  
Picador  
\$14.95

This is a collection of Australian short stories by an Australian author that I hadn't even heard of before reviewing this book. I embarked on it dubiously with my prejudiced scepticism of Australian literature — now rapidly fading along with my ignorance — only to discover that I really couldn't put this one down.

Cameron writes with an enviable wealth

of imagination; his characters, their locations and experiences are so various that this collection stays well clear of sounding overly autobiographical. Cameron addresses the Australian-ness of the issues of racism, homophobia, violence, crime, poverty, unemployment, drug culture, failed ambition, illness, death, love, war, Aboriginal living standards, BHP mining... with the compassion of someone who evidently knows what he's talking about and who doesn't labour in tortured seriousness. He manages to reflect the complexity of these issues, and explore the ways in which they are connected, within a few pages, and without high-horsey didacticism.

Absorbing from the first line, these thirteen stories travel easily from the city of Melbourne to the dusty outback, and everywhere in between, showing the diversity of a life and experience that doesn't necessarily require geographical distance. This is a real Australia where the separate worlds of council flats and espresso crowds are side by side in the cities, while in the smaller towns and rural areas, parochialism mingles with the need for awareness and survival.

Whoever the protagonist and whatever the story, there is a subtly developed pattern of cause and outcome, all done in a way that we can relate to, no matter how distant the experience may be from our own. This may in fact be the first piece of contemporary fiction writing about the behaviour generated by the male psyche and its environment that I have read and not been immensely irritated by. It isn't annoying, offensive, defensive, whining, misogynistic or self-pitying. Instead it is self aware, honest, and most importantly, funny.

All of the writing uses simple and straightforward language that is nevertheless agile and eloquent, the short and sometimes sparse sentences skillfully conveying deep and complex feeling in a way that makes the stories flow easily with both dark Australian humour and fine tuned compassion.

—VICTORIA YOUNG

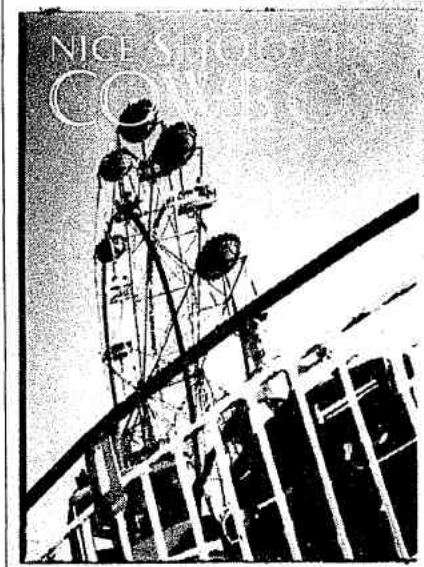
★★★

**HOUSEGUEST**  
Hugh Mackay  
Allen and Unwin  
\$14.95



In the space after work, during a Friday night's twilight, Hugh Mackay's *houseguest* ventures into the psychology of a young woman and explores. He enters as his latest character, Max, and he stays for the entire weekend asking questions, confronting the past and never allowing the question 'why?'

It is an interrogation and one that is menacingly elusive, casting shadows, never solid and all with the innocence of a market



ANSON CAMERON

(above) Dark Australian humour in *Nice Shootin', Cowboy*

research survey that shoves and buffets the mind.

Too clever by far is the thought that has gone into the structuring and acting out of *houseguest*. Like a low budget play it sits with a small cast going over and over its lines to see if its ideas and dialogue contain obvious flaws, holes, something that the audience, reader, will notice. The novel is played out in the short space of a weekend, in a small apartment with two main characters and its intensity out grows the novels description and depth of characterisation.

At times Hugh Mackay's description is clever and pieces of his novel are memorable creations that have the lurkings of reality. These lurches into the spaces of Alice's (the main character) mind are all too brief and the intelligence that has gone into sheparding the reader all too transparent. Hugh Mackay's second novel is clever and easy to read, drawing the reader in with the illusiveness and want of the question why?, but in the end lacks a satisfying presence.

—ROBERT UMPHELBY

## films

★★★★★

**SWINGERS**  
John Favreau  
Screening at Electric Shadows  
Rated M

*Swingers* is about a group of men trying to pick-up in all the right places. Funky nightclubs recreate the jive of the 1950s. Bonds white singlets and open neck bowling shirts complete the picture. Yet at a deeper level, *Swingers* is about male camaraderie in the dog-eat-dog world of the singles scene. With a poke at the bullshit which goes on in between.

Jon Favreau's screen play is partly autobiographical, an account of his job searching, testosterone bursting mid-twenties. Favreau plays Mike, a SNAG struggling to recover after being dumped from a six year relationship. It's six months on and Mike's





(above) Will Smith kills aliens with what looks like a giant vibrator in *Men in Black*

close buddy Trent (Vince Vaughn) is keen to see Mike swinging the nightclubs once again. The boys are joined by Sue (ignore the name, he's a guy) and Rob, as they hop from one party to another in search of LA's most "beautiful babies."

Most guys will identify with the frustrations of Mike and his pals. *Swingers* will have the guys cringing as they relive the experiences of the on-screen characters. We all know the deep down anxiety of 'making the first move'. Furthermore, it is easy to identify with the mateship of the characters. Trent, Sue, and Rob are always there to massage Mike's withered ego. With their help, this man will get the girl.

Some viewers have criticized *Swingers* for glamorizing the sexist attitudes of the main cast. This is missing the point of the film. *Swingers* is managing to juggle two contrasting themes.

The film manages to both entrench male stereotypes, but contrast these with insights into specific male friendships — an issue which hasn't been tackled at such an honest level by an American film in a long, long time. Sure, these guys can be sexually driven pricks. We've seen that before in *Top Gun*. But they are also loyal friends. And the final scene reverses all assumptions which have been carefully constructed throughout the rest of the film.

See it and you'll understand exactly what I mean. See *Swingers* and you'll suddenly realize what the majority of men go through at some stage in their lives. No apologies for that generalization! See it and you might not trust your boyfriend's friends. They told you they were just taking your fella out for a quiet beer. *Wrong!*

—BEN PHELPS

★★

**SMILLA'S FEELING FOR SNOW**

Directed by Billy August

Screening at Electric Shadows

Rated PG

To unfold the complex content of a novel like Peter Hoeg's *Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow* a director must give its story space and fill pages of text with the truth of actors, script and scene. Not only must the film live up to the story line of the novel, it

must surpass it to ensure both its reader and first time viewer are entertained. *Smilla's Feeling for Snow* fails to capture a new or accurately enjoyable experience of Hoeg's novel.

*Smilla's Feeling for Snow* fails on several levels to both accurately bring to life this great novel and to inspire its ideas in those that have not read it. The actors have been chosen too carefully by their director and only conjure fine looking stereotypes. Julia Ormond as Miss Smilla seems too young for the book's character and the film jumps from one action scene to another with no time for character development. The characters are never given enough space or normal activity to develop and allow the audience to feel their humanity. What is left is a stagnant portrayal of many of the beautiful scenes from the novel, with the audience clutching at famous faces for answers.

*Smilla's Feeling for Snow* lacks the silence of the audience. For without the audience's participation in a film's silences, the expanse between a litany of scenes put together and the development of the film into a real experience never form.

Peter Hoeg's novel is an intelligent piece with many of the characters finding and searching out original and striking places with their dialogue. This beauty and fresh characterisation is lost in the film, with much of the dialogue resulting in cheap one-liners. So while the vastness of the arctic north is shot with a naturalistic lens, the coldness of the snow, the cuts from scene to scene and the unsuccessful use of flashback attain only the barest outline of the novel.

—ROBERT UMPHELBY

★★★★

**SLING BLADE**

Directed by Billy

Bob Thornton

Centre Cinema

Rated M

To start with, I would like to disagree completely with Dougal Macdonald's statement that "*Sling Blade* is a must for those who believe in the goodness of humanity". That line of sentimental blather is demonstrative of a very shallow reading of the complex situation this film presents. When Karl's (played by Billy Bob Thornton — he also wrote and directed the film) released from the mental hospital he's been incarcerated in for the last twenty-five odd years, he has nowhere to go. So he goes back to his hometown in the Deep South of the US, the town where he murdered his mother and her lover when he was twelve.

Karl is, as they say, a bit simple. He has a disconcerting appearance, he doesn't speak much, and when he does, his voice is strange. His interactions with the prejudiced inhabitants of the town are set in contrast with the friendship he establishes with a boy named Frank (Lucas Black). Their friendship provides mutual support, Frank accepts Karl for the thoughtful and considerate person that he is, and Karl gives Frank space

away from his mother's redneck boyfriend Doyle. Unfortunately, these characters, and Vernon, Frank's-mother's-boss, the token gay character, are not strongly developed. Their predictable actions detract from an otherwise beautiful and powerful presentation.

*Sling Blade* moves slowly. The editing is sparse. The emphasis on Karl's expression of extreme concentration in each shot, and the significance this takes on as the film draws to its painful resolution moved me greatly. The Southern style music combines with these to give the film a beautiful resonance that lingers for hours. Go and decide for yourself whether it's about "the goodness of humanity", or the inability of individuals to deal with the complexities of a hideous context.

—ADRIAN REGAN

★★★★

**MEN IN BLACK**

Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld

Screening at Greater Union

Rated M

Preferring not to believe the hype, it was a "yet to be convinced" attitude that accompanied me to *MiB* (*Independence Day* taught me a lesson). Barry Sonnenfeld's previous effort, *Get Shorty*, proves the guy can make a great movie, but that was mob, this is sci-fi, two quite different kettles of fish.

Expecting the usual blend of impressive stunts, FX and nauseating mainstream American idiocrap that characterises Holly-

wood action flicks these days, I must say I was impressed.

It had the unemotional style and slick presentation of a well tailored black suit. Good Hollywood action/sci-fi that's crap bit and cholesterol free. K (Tommy Lee Jones) and J (Will Smith) are the master and the apprentice in a unofficial government agency cutely titled *Men in Black*. Men with no connection to anyone outside their own organisation. They don't exist. Their responsibility is to protect all the oblivious earthlings from the scum of the universe, a number of which, have been living among us in disguise for years. When an unwelcome visitor arrives with evil plans, it is up to our incredibly stylish protectors K and J to catch the bastard.

Acting by Jones and Smith was okay, FX were good too, however it was details from the minds of clever people (rather than morons behind desks) that made this movie. Will Smith having trouble with the recoil of a gun no bigger than a matchbox and three little worm-like things leaving Earth with ten cartons of duty-free Marlboros are two of many scenes made with a wit and subtlety not seen since *The Blues Brothers* (this reviewer's favourite movie).

I left feeling highly entertained and not at all like I'd been treated like a sheep.

—TIM KREIBIG



(above) John Favreau gives us spunky men and bloody big martinis in *Swingers*



# smash hits

## book

### Deliverance

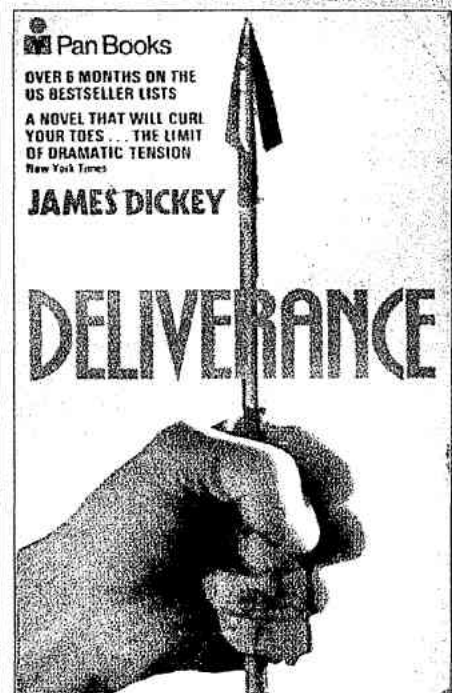
**D**eliverance is a beautiful creation. The recipe is simple and combines all the elements necessary for successful conversion into a made-for-television screenplay. Take four all American men; one tough guy, one thoughtful narrator, one family man who you know just has to die, and one pudgy wet who constantly overreacts. Add generic bad guys (in this case in-bred hillbillies). Stir well. Add remote location and only one weapon and serve with a fresh salsa of bullshit. The novel is born.

The story is that of four men who travel high into American forest to begin a canoeing journey. Things of course, do not go to plan. When one of the canoes overturns, spilling Ed, the narrator, and Bobby, the poor fat boy, into the rapids, the freaky part of the book begins. Forced into the woods by the mongoloid hill-billies, Bobby is raped and tortured. It is quite graphic in the detail that it discloses, and the imagery Dickey creates is corny, but effective.

*Deliverance* was later made into a remarkably successful film, despite the fact that the lead actor was Burt Reynolds. For newcomers to this book, the importance of reading the book before the seeing the movie cannot be over-stressed. Viewing the film only results in imagining the character of Lewis as a racer from *Cannonball Run*, and the narrator as the guy who once owned George Costanza's convertible. I must admit to having some problems with the tough guy being called Lewis, which to me always seemed like an appropriate name for the sixth member of the Famous Five.

*Deliverance* is not the sort of book that anyone would say you must read. It is however, pretty damn good dinner conversation, and very easy to consume. Second-hand book shops are the best place to track the book down, and guaranteed to be well worth the 40 cent price tag.

—NICK SHAW



(above) *Deliverance* was made into a movie starring the same actors used in the *X-Files* inbred hillbilly episode... and Burt Reynolds

## album

### Ocean Rain

**E**cho & the Bunnymen have reformed and are about to put out something new. Mouth almighty, Ian McCulloch, back at the helm for the first time since he left the band in '88. It's not the classic line up that's there now of course; drummer Pete De Freitas was killed in a motorcycle accident about 8 years ago.

Anyway, why would I care? I hate reformations and comeback tours. Old farts trading on past glories to make a quick buck. Why bother with new Bunnymen stuff when you've got the old stuff from back when it really meant something?

I'll be honest. I didn't hear Ocean Rain until 1987, about three years after it emerged. I heard "The Killing Moon" late on a lonely Saturday night on a station like 2XX and fell in love. It spoke of loves lost, opportunities forsaken and the cruelty of providence with an eloquence miles beyond anything else in

I heard "The Killing Moon" late on a lonely Saturday night on a station like 2XX and fell in love. It spoke of loves lost and opportunities forsaken with an eloquence miles beyond anything else in the emotional desert that was the 1980s.

Will Sergeant's guitar can still make me cry.

The rest of the album is pretty good too, although there are a few dud songs. Who else but Mac could come up with a lyric like "Cucucucumber, cacacacabbage. You think you're a vegetable. Never come out of the fridge" sufficiently bombastic enough to accompany the jagged chunks of sound left lying about by Sergeant.

There are other oddities too. "Crystal Day", as pristine a piece of pop as you'll come across, was only ever played once live apparently. Pity. The album is closed out with the title track, majestic clean strings and you're there on the life raft tossed on a force 10 gale with Mac, escaping the sinking ship of your job, school, uni, whatever. It's a safe harbour, *Ocean Rain*, for me. It was a place I knew I could shelter from whatever disturbed me, a place I could get my strength back to confront the world again.

After leaving the Bunnymen, Mac put out two albums of his own (the first was good, the second was rubbish) and then formed Electrafixion with Will Sergeant. I saw them in Liverpool two years ago supporting some bunch of empty-headed tossers who were welcomed like conquering heroes. Not sure Mac could deal with being relegated like that. He still had the bombast, the star quality and the songs.

Yep, the Bunnymen have reformed with new songs and, hopefully, the old attitude. Of course, I'll buy it as soon as I see it. But it won't shift *Ocean Rain* from where it lives in this teenager's heart.

—NICK JEWELACHOW

## movie

### Licence to Drive

**R**ecipe for a teeny bopper 1980's movie: Take two actors named Corey (one should be cute, the other a fast-talking geek), mix with a stereotyped, high school love interest, sprinkle with acid wash jeans. Slowly simmer amongst the generic streets of LA. Serve lukewarm on the front pages of *Smash Hits* magazine. Please note: can be reheated on the back wall of your local video shop with a pinch of nostalgia.

You got it gang — this gem of a film has "Made in America" slapped all over it! What more could you ask for? Corey "Haimster" Haim and Corey "The Field Dog" Fieldman at their lovable best. A winning combination in any 13 year old's fantasies. With *Licence to Drive*, you've got it all. Who could go past Haim's rock hard hairstyle (courtesy of 2 litres of industrial gel) or Fieldman's frizzy locks, a tribute to Rod Stewart which can only be achieved with a good old towel dry. Ironically, Yahoo Serious was to inspire filmic post-modernism with a similar hairdo in 1988's *Young Einstein*.

The Plot? Get out of here man, this is the eighties for God's sake! You want a plot and two teenage hunks?

Well for the record, meet Corey, played by Corey Haim. Actually, his character isn't named Corey. But what does it matter? This film was simply a vehicle to advertise the two Coreys. Sure, the Haimster was cute, but he couldn't act for shit. The Field Dog has it all, but he lacked the irresistible dimples — that "star" quality! So the directors covered their bases and employed both of them.

Anyway, the story: the Haimster sits for his driving licence on a computer at his local motor registry. Surprise, surprise, he fucks up the exam and also manges to undo Bill Gates by crashing the entire system. The authorities generously allow him to be tested by Mr Friendly Driving Instructor instead. Mr FDI uses a polystyrene cup full of coffee (remember, this is pre-Ozone Layer awareness) to test Corey's driving. The test: if the coffee cup falls off the dashboard during a series of hill starts, three point turns, or corners, then it's all over.

The Cor passes the test despite some nail biting sequences. But the computers have since been fixed and it is discovered that he fucked up the theoretical test — big time! He steals Gramps' old Buick, grabs his sidekick (the other Corey), and illegally cruises the neighbourhood looking for love in all the wrong places. Oh, don't forget the blonde cheer leader — bobby socks, peroxide curls, pleated skirt, and frosted pink lipstick. Her name? Mercedes Lane, of course.

Just for the record, our local rag of a "newspaper", *The Canberra Times*, recently pushed the Tuggeranong lost cat stories back to page three to make room for Corey news. Corey Haim has just filed for bankruptcy, owing payments totalling US\$300,000. Mmmmm, the traps of teen fame.

—BEN PHELPS



(above) After going bankrupt last year, Corey Haim has been earning extra money by appearing in Clearasil commercials

## tv show

### Kingswood Country

**G**one are the days when blatant racism, a red Kingswood, a bloke that drinks lots of beer, a wog son-in-law, and a wife that would get straight As in home economics could reign free in the suburbs. TV shows today lack the supreme decor that this show had — the striped gold wallpaper, the wooden TV set (you know the ones with those excellent coiled wire antennas), and Neville the concrete Aborigine. This show was never deemed as politically incorrect, chiefly because that foolish term hadn't floated over from the US when it was made.

I remember watching this show during the summer holidays, flicking channels occasionally to check the cricket score. My friend and I would don the flannies, loosen the belt for full beer gut potential, grab a six pack of VB tinnies and a pack of Winnie blues, sit on the couch and laugh till we were sick.

A good day for Ted Bullpitt involved polishing the Kingswood, parking outside a Catholic school, hurling abuse at the nuns and students, and going to work. Upon returning home his wife, Thelma, would ask how his day was, he would answer with "A bloody shambles, where's the paper?"

While his wife looked for his paper (which was usually directly in front of him) he would grab a long-neck of VB, pour it into his favorite mug and go to sit down while his wife cooked the dinner.

Bruno was Ted's son in law. In Ted's eyes Bruno was a wog, and he let him know it. Bruno also had a bad habit of parking his purple Valiant in the driveway and taking Ted's seat in the lounge room. An argument would usually ensue Ted's arrival home, "Out of my seat wog, and move your bloody car out of my driveway!" This argument was usually diffused by Bruno's thirst for beer, "Can I grab a beer dad?", Ted's usual reply was "leave the money on the fridge... don't call me dad, wog".

Apparently this show is coming back, it is called *Bullpitt*; and he is in a retirement village. It won't be half as funny in our puritanical world.

—JIM RICHTER



profile

## Whispering Jack

During his time at the ANU in the 1970s, Jack Waterford edited the university's parochial rag, *Woroni*. Now, Waterford is editor of the territory's parochial rag, *The Canberra Times*. Over lunch, one editor to another, he and *Woroni*'s STEPHEN REBIKOFF discussed activism, the role of the student media, life in the nation's capital and the days when student newspapers actually made national news.

**Do you think there's an absence of a youth voice in the media?**

One of the problems about younger voices getting a say, and this might be the cynicism of someone who's entrenched, is that it's not necessarily as if you're being beaten down by contrary opinions. I mean, going back to the late 60s and 70s, we were very loud, brash and pushy and often we were quite stupid and quite wrong but we certainly shouted out a lot. You don't hear all that sort of shouting.

**Why do you think that is?**

I'm not one of these people who think that the youth of today are less idealistic, or anything like that, but university days in my time were pretty careless days. The university really was a hotbed of ideas and one of the logical forums in which new ideas were formed.

The university is no longer in the centre of the action of any sort of debate of ideas. That may be partly a result of the democratisation of the universities but it is also a function of the fact that most of the media these days, even where it's conservative in its editorial line, tends to be a pretty open forum place of ideas and in fact they like outrageous ideas. Outrageous ideas bring in their own counterreaction, letters to the editors, controversy, and that sells newspapers.

**Do you think there's a different imperative for the student media?**

I think the student media should be self-consciously irresponsible. It should throw up ideas to the point which tests tolerances. Then it should be, as well as that, quite unpredictable. If you're not interesting, I don't think anybody reads it. You've got to make people wonder all of the time what are they going to do next? Which sacred cow are they going to offend? It's no longer enough for a student newspaper to be recklessly and relentlessly against racism or oppression or various things like that. I'm not suggesting that you support racism, but to ask a few questions about sacred feminist nostrums, or sacred left nostrums.

The job of a *Woroni* editor is no different from that of the editor of *The Canberra Times*

or the *Sydney Morning Herald*: if you think you've got something to say, or you've got some message to sell, well, you're not going to do it if the paper is entirely earnest, predictable, tedious and doesn't invite anybody in to read it.

**Do you think students have become more self-focused? Education itself is an issue on the national agenda, the role of education, whereas perhaps it was much more taken for granted when you were here?**

Well that is one clear area where I don't think the student voice is being heard much at all. And when you do hear the student voice speaking in any organised fashion, they speak with such ambivalence. I mean, the students are in fact obsessed with jobs. I'm not criticising them for that. But you might, in another environment, actually hear students talking with some passion about university being an academy, a marketplace of ideas, places that ought to be a relief from various relentless economic pressures. And they're not speaking up.

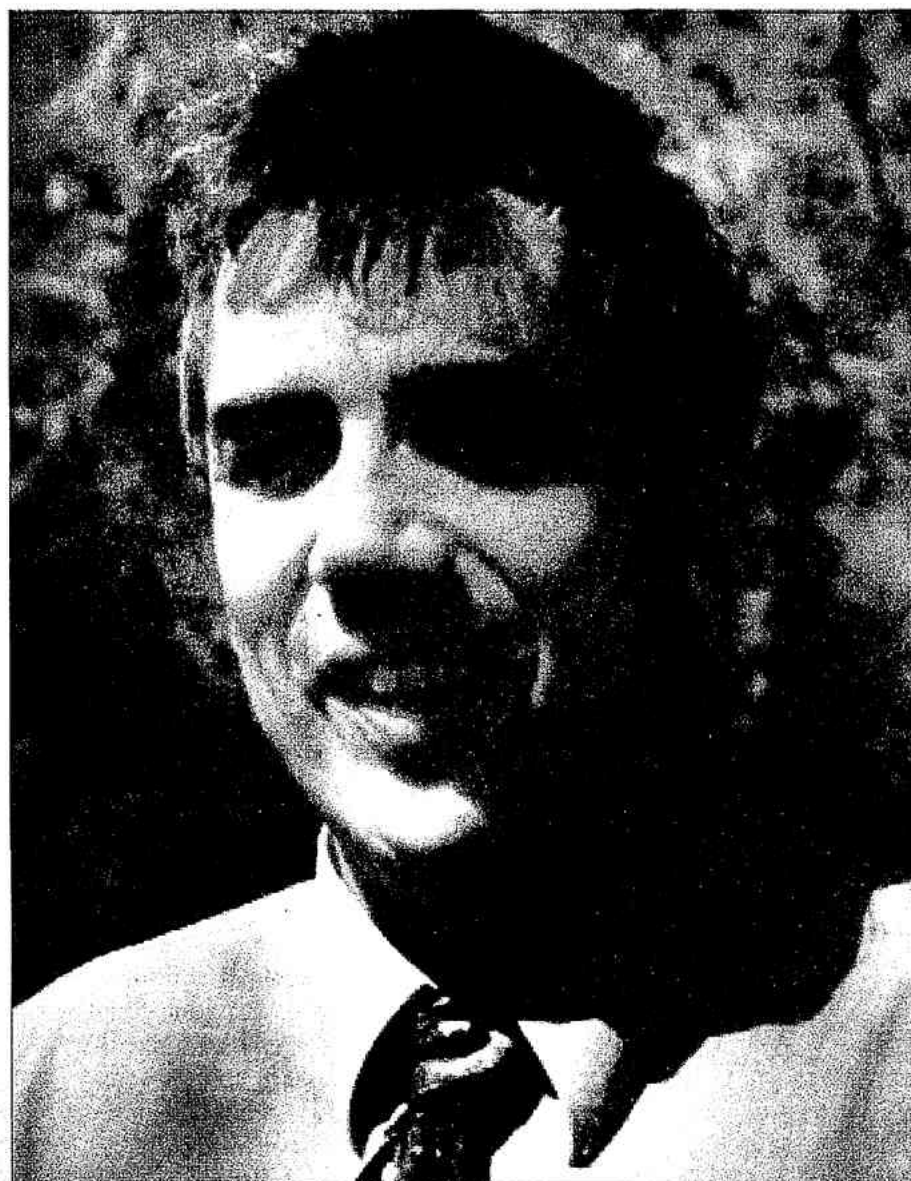
If you look at history, it would never do to rely on professional students, NUS, because they've already become student bureaucrats. It ought to be at a much lower level of student political organisation that you express this discontent about the relentless economism of the university, the way in which faculty changes are being based on absurd notions of productivity.

**What did you think about the *Rabelais* shoplifting article?**

We would have published such an article thirty years ago.

**Was it an error of judgement?**

Not in my opinion. I think that's the sort of outrageous thing that a student newspaper ought to publish. Five or six years ago there was a big brawl about whether or not one of the lecturers in the law school was sexist in an evidence exam. That was the sort of thing where *Woroni* really should have been a free market place for ideas and been willing to fuck the laws of libel and various things like that. And not necessarily even committed to any particular point of view but it ought to have sought to be the battleground where the argument was fought out.



(above) Jack Waterford went from *Woroni* editor to editor of *The Canberra Times*. Scary, isn't it?

You just have to want, as the editor, for it to be the place where the battle was fought. And that may mean that you have to do a couple of provocative things to trail your coat to drag them in.

There was an editor of *Woroni* a couple of years after me, and he was one of the first people to come out. In about 1974 or 1975 there was a big controversy in South Australia about some members of the vice squad whose favourite occupation after they got pissed was to look for poofters and throw them in the river. They'd thrown a couple in the river one evening, and one drowned. There were a number of witnesses to this incident and enquiries were set up, but no reader of the conventional press would actually know what had occurred. This *Woroni* editor went over to South Australia during one hoildays, interviewed half a dozen people and came back and wrote a *Woroni* in which he named all the cops involved. That was national news. That was good journalism. You can't always necessarily expect good journalism in a student paper, but you can expect some outrageousness or thought-provokingness or things like that.

**You stayed in Canberra once you finished Uni, and have basically lived here most of your life. As editor of the city's daily, how do you see Canberra culture?**

There's a lot worse towns you could be editor of the paper in. This town has the highest proportions of PhDs in the population of any civic capital in the world, it's got a very large educational establishment, a very large defence establishment, a very large political establishment. We've got more fucking know-alls in this place than anywhere else. One thing I try to ban in the paper is superlatives, 'the first town to do this', 'the greatest crisis that has ever occurred' because the moment you say that somebody will ring up and say this is not the first it happened in 1965, or this is not the biggest, and they're all bloody right.

**Is this where you expected to end up, as an activist in the 70s?**

I was always cynical about being an activist as such. I'm getting more conservative as I get older. It's not so much that my politics have changed but I see people mucking around with systems that work and I think 'you people don't understand what the system is let alone why you're mucking it around'. A lot of windmills I used to tilt at I now find myself a little bit more defensive of. I think that some of the conventional analyses of them are very incomplete. It is in that sort of sense that I like complete sideways swipes at things.

jack waterford





### Next issue:

Break it down, Hammer time! Next issue, *Woroni* chats to MC about his 1990s comeback — a forthcoming double album with Peter Andre, *U Can't Touch my Funky Abdominator*. Miss it and miss out

## Bury my heart at red rocks

Like the ingenue who shags the director and decides she can do Ibsen, quintessential 80s band U2 is a casualty of a 90s phenomenon — star syndrome. The situation leads to a compulsion on the part of the artist (or supermodel) to contribute to *all* the arts and embrace *all* genres. For some it's not so much an urge as a duty; as if the grateful public would fall about frothing at the mouth if they could experience Liam Gallagher doing *Hamlet* or, conversely, tap into Kenny Branagh's musical talents. It being the pre-millennium twilight and all, Bono (and let's face it — U2 is Bono and vice versa) is keen to prepare us for the new century by singing about postmodernity and the dangers of mega-celebrity. Apparently this process requires tight silver pants — what's going on?

Never pastel, frosted and hardly ever streaked, U2 were the 80s, the serious band for serious high schoolers who shunned the mainstream (keeping in mind that the mainstream was NKOTB). Along with a pair of DMs, the most essential item for 1989 was *Rattle And Hum*. It was *de rigueur* to own *The Joshua Tree*; standard to have *The Unforgettable Fire* and a little bit exotic and a sign of true fanship to possess *War* or *October*. What traumatised heart couldn't be healed by just one verse of "With or Without You"? Or be set aflame by Bono's heavy panting of "Helter Skelter"? Not that many of us knew who Charles Manson was or why he's stolen something from The Beatles... I recall a band trip to Bathurst (and in the CYO everyone had long hair like Bono, DMs like Bono and a serious expression... like Bono) where rehearsal was postponed indefinitely while we tried to solve the enigma of the "All I Want Is You" clip. Why the dwarf? Hey, is she dead? But is it Art?

Perhaps it was just the sheer weight of being underage but it seems like the in the world before Britpop, music was less fun. At the risk of cries of "nerd" or "Abba fan", you weren't encouraged to be boppy. With Bros as the alternative, who wouldn't embrace rock with conscience?

We all fell in love with Bono. It wasn't only his beautiful, soulful voice, but this thinking girl's pinup had a heart as well. He never sang about getting it on or pushing it, which offered some respite in the face of Year 9 males. Apartheid, political assassination, the IRA — his dedica-

tion to the cause vindicated Bono's hero status. He was God, father figure and fantasy man all rolled into one petite package. (Incidentally, the U2 "pecking" order went Bono, Larry Mullen Jr, Adam if you were drunk, and Edge if the others were dead as a tribute to Bono).

So what do we have here then? All of a sudden it's irony overload and gimmick madness. Granted, a band entering its third decade needs an image update, but



somewhere in between the Fly persona and the sure-to-be-tragic "Popmart" tour, U2 became irritating. *Achtung Baby* marked the turning point and introduced us to new sounds, a drum machine and SexBono, the lapsed Catholic devil in leather. Somehow though he came across more like an aged Elvis impersonator trying to pull a bar full of secretaries. As for the music, U2 fans fragmented and splin-

tered. Many left permanently to replay their Smiths and REM catalogues. There were new arrivals too, a freshman crop from the world of Top 40 who'd never even heard of "Sunday Bloody Sunday". At first, it seemed like a Bowie-esque reinvention. Then it became apparent that U2 had intentionally Done A Bowie, citing the Thin White Duke as a referent in a barrage of genre borrowing and quotation. The Berlin seclusion! German arthouse cinema! Drag! Disco! U2 no longer said look at the world, look at people, look at love, but look at us! See how clever we are?

In quoting empty, recycled pop culture and embracing its heartland, America, U2 also embraced the American obsession of self-indulgent introspection. Artists must reflect on the self, but surely there is a limit? It feels like Bono's just reflecting on his own reflections. The process intensified through *Zooropa* up to *Pop* with Bono's flings with 70s trash gear, Elvis' bloated years, and even nods to the now defunct school of grunge. There wasn't an aspect of culture that Bono didn't have a finger in, and predictably enough moves were made towards films, acting, writing and politics.

The new proudly "rock and roll", rancidly rich U2 climaxed with "Discotheque", an homage to The Village People where Edge wields a frighteningly large handlebar moustache. What went wrong? U2 disappoint because of their fervour to let us know that they've hopped aboard the Pomo bandwagon, and isn't it ironic? The trouble is that Bono is not Baudrillard, and a 37 year old man in silver lamé is embarrassing. He plays the celebrity game like an Irish Kate Fischer, popping up next to Sinatra, Clinton, Rushdie, even John Paul II. Such antics are qualified with soundbites like "Celebrity is a job", so it's OK. But not really.

During the 80s we came to expect something real and important from U2. The real, you can still hear in songs like "Bad" or "Where The Streets Have No Name" even when they're played in concerts today. It's something that you could feel, that felt true — but now that they have embraced the fake and the empty, it's getting harder to hear. The Bono we love is just a greying, pudgy old Irish man with killer eyes and a voice from heaven. What more do you need?

—VICTORIA LOY

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